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## HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

### VIII.—*Miracles wrought in the Holy Eucharist.*

WE believe, and are confidently assured by faith, that in the holy Sacrament of the altar the substances of bread and wine are, by the words of consecration, changed into the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ. Yet we know also by the testimony of our own senses, that the qualities—or *accidents*, as they are called—of bread and wine remain, though their substances remain not; we can touch and handle them—we can see their form and colour—we recognise the presence of all their other sensible qualities. So that the Catholic faith is this, that whereas the qualities of bread and of wine are present, their substance is absent; whilst contrariwise, that of flesh and blood the substance is present, though their qualities are absent. This is the Catholic doctrine which the Church has ever taught; nevertheless the lamp of Christian faith does not always burn with the same steadfast brilliance, and there are moments in which many a faithful disciple might best express the secret feelings of his soul in those words of the anxious and sorrowing parent, “Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.” And the Son of God, mercifully condescending to our weakness, has sometimes vouchsafed to send an answer to this prayer in a most unlooked-for manner, even calling in the evidence of our senses to revive our feeble faith, and manifesting the truth of His unerring words to our touch and to our sight.

This is no vague indeterminate tradition, living in the memory of a few ardent and imaginative minds, or loosely stated by writers of little credit and authority; but on the contrary, it is a most certain truth, both witnessed by multitudes at the first, and recorded in the most authentic documents, and transmitted to the memory of succeeding generations,

either by churches or chapels built expressly for this purpose, that they might be lasting memorials of what had happened, or by the celebration of annual festivals instituted to the same end. "No one who has ever read the lives and histories of the saints," says Paschasius Radbertus,\* a monk of the monastery of Corbie in France in the ninth century, "can be ignorant that the mysterious sacrament of the body and blood of Christ has been often visibly manifested, either under the form of a lamb, or with the colour of flesh and blood; either as a reward to some more ardent lovers of their Saviour, or else to strengthen the doubtful, and mercifully to reassure those who as yet do not believe. When the host has been broken or offered in communion, a lamb has sometimes been seen in the hands of the priest, and blood has been seen to flow into the chalice as from a sacrifice; so that what is ordinarily hidden under a mystery has been made manifest to the doubtful by a miracle. For the mercy of God has vouchsafed this, as we have said, both to some who already believed, and also to others who were in doubt, that they too might have confidence concerning the truth, and every where partake in the same faith concerning the grace of Christ. Because of the hardness of our hearts, God has been pleased to grant this to a few, that all may be satisfied, and none may ever again doubt of these things. But since I have said that this manifestation has often been made to persons remarkable for their love of Christ, I will mention one instance out of many." And then he goes on to mention as his first example a priest of this country, whose history *we* too cannot do better than repeat by way of introduction to other histories of the same kind which are to form the subject of this chapter. He tells us, then, of one Plegilus, a very religious priest who used constantly to say Mass at the tomb of St. Ninian, Bishop and Confessor, whose relics were venerated, until the so-called Reformation, in the church of Whithern in Galloway.† This priest led by God's help a very holy life, and he used often to entreat the all-powerful God to give him some manifestation of the nature of Christ's body and blood; and this he did not from any want of faith, as is too commonly the case, but from a feeling of love and piety, and because he had a longing desire to see Christ, whom no man on earth can see in the glory in which He is ascended up on high above the stars. One day, therefore, as he was celebrating Mass, he was saying this his usual prayer on bended knees: "Reveal to me, O God, un-

\* Lib. de Corp. et Sang. Christ. c. 40, apud Garetium Lovan. de verâ præsentia, &c. class vi. § 16.

† Butler's Lives of the Saints, Sept. 16.

worthy as I am, something of the nature of Christ's body in this mystery, that I may behold Him here present with my bodily eyes, and may handle with my hands that infantine form which his Mother once bore upon her bosom." Presently an angel from heaven came to him and said, "Arise quickly, if you desire to see Him clothed in that body which his most holy Mother bore." Then the venerable priest lifted up his eyes with trembling, and saw upon the altar that child whom Simeon once had the privilege of carrying in his arms. And the angel bade him stretch forth his hand and take *Him* whom heretofore He had consecrated with mysterious words under the semblance of bread; and the priest did so, and took the Child into his trembling arms, and embraced Him, and gave kisses to his God, and pressed his lips against the lips of Christ. When he had done this, he replaced the Child again upon the altar, and prayed that He would deign to return to his former outward appearance, which was immediately done. "Wonderful dispensation of God's providence," concludes the narrator of this history, "that He should have vouchsafed for the desire of one man to make Himself visible, not in the form of a lamb, as He has sometimes appeared to others, but in the form of a child, that so the truth might be made manifest, the desire of the priest be miraculously satisfied, and our faith be confirmed by the relation of it. Nevertheless, it is worth observing, that we do not read that he received in communion the body and blood of this child until they had first returned to their former outward appearance."

In this instance, then, the sight of the miraculous and repeated change was conceded in answer to the prayer of faith, and as a reward of exceeding love; though, as St. Gregory somewhere says, "the merit of faith is thus taken away, if there be sensible experience of that which we are required to believe;" since here surely, as in all other mysteries of the Christian faith, that saying is true, "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." Our next example shall be of another kind; that is, the same change, but manifested for a different end, in order to confirm the faith of one who was giving way to the temptations of doubt.

"How shall any Christian," asks Archbishop Guitmund in the eleventh century,\* "how shall any Christian presume to call in question the life of the blessed Gregory the Great, which has been published to the world with the attestation of all Rome, and which so many saintly and learned Pontiffs have ever approved, and against which no dissentient voice has

\* De Smto. l. iii. G. Aversanus, Magn. Bibl. Vet. Pat. tom. vi. p. 254, Paris, 1644.



ever yet been heard?" In this life we read, that as St. Gregory was once distributing the holy communion to the faithful, he observed on the face of a noble lady amongst them an irreverent and contemptuous smile; immediately replacing the host upon the altar, he concluded the Mass, and then inquired into the cause of what he had seen. She confessed that she had laughed in a spirit of mockery and unbelief at hearing him declare *that* to be the body of Christ which she had made and offered with her own hands and knew to be only bread; that he should have used a form of very solemn words, and attributed to it a supernatural and even a divine power, saying, "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve thy soul." Upon this, the saintly Pontiff desired the bystanders to unite with him in earnest supplications to God that He would vouchsafe to deliver her from these evil thoughts, and to confirm her in the true faith; and after some minutes spent in prayer, he turned again to the people, and exhibited to them the host as very flesh indeed, staining the corporal with its blood. But now, no longer doubting concerning the doctrine, the lady shrank from the act of partaking of that which she saw and knew to be in very truth the real body and blood of her crucified Redeemer, until, in answer to renewed prayers, the host once more returned to its former condition, and so she communicated. Thus was it verified by the testimony of actual experience, what has been affirmed by many doctors of the Church, namely, that the real nature of the blessed Sacrament is hidden from our bodily senses out of condescension to our weakness. "Because we are weak and could not have borne to eat raw flesh, and especially the flesh of man, therefore it appears to us bread, though in reality it is flesh." "The outward appearance and certain other qualities of the bread and wine are preserved," says our own Archbishop Lanfranc,\* "lest we should be terrified at seeing what is raw and full of blood."

The same miracle is recorded in the old English chronicles as having been vouchsafed both to St. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, and St. Oswald, Archbishop of York, who lived at the same time, namely, in the latter end of the tenth century,—and it was vouchsafed to both of them for the same reason; not for their own sakes, but for the sake of others who were assisting at their Mass, and whose faith was wavering. St. Peter Damian, who lived a century later, tells us that he himself heard the Bishop of Amalfi (a town on the sea-coast in the kingdom of Naples) testify upon oath to Pope Stephen IX., that on one occasion, when he was assailed with doubts and

\* Lib. de Euch. Sac. c. 18.



temptations about the Catholic faith, just as he was in the act of breaking the host in the middle of the Mass, immediately the host became as a piece of flesh in his hands, and his fingers were stained with blood. Another instance of the same kind led, as we have seen, to the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi; and, indeed, we may truly say that the annals of ecclesiastical history quite abound with them. Sometimes, as Paschasius says, as a reward of faith, sometimes to confirm it; sometimes also to deter persons who were about to make, or were already in the act of making an unworthy communion: as, for instance, in the case of one at Middleburg in Zealand in the year 1374, who was making his Easter communion only to escape the censures of the Church, without any inward preparation or any resolution of amendment; the host was changed into flesh in his very mouth, so that he could not swallow it. It was removed therefore from off his tongue, and preserved with reverence at the high altar, from whence it was afterwards taken to the church of the Augustinians at Louvain; and there it still remained three hundred years afterwards, and many miracles were continually performed through its means.

Nor is this at all a singular instance of hosts of this kind having been preserved for many centuries, and being the instruments of many miracles, as we shall presently have occasion to mention. First, however, we would notice a very remarkable circumstance connected with these sensible manifestations of the miraculous nature of the blessed Sacrament, and of its being really flesh and blood, though in outward seeming it be not so; namely, that they have been almost more frequently accorded to blaspheming Jews than to doubting or sacrilegious Christians.

There was a curious tradition afloat in certain parts of the ancient Church, and mentioned by some of the early commentators on Holy Scripture, that at the last supper the traitor Judas did not consume that portion of the holy Eucharist which had been given to him in common with the rest of the Apostles, but that he concealed and afterwards exhibited it to the Jews, telling them in derision how his Master had declared that this was his own body, and that it would confer on those who partook of it the gift of eternal life; and that it was for this reason, they say, that Jesus, wishing once more to give the miserable traitor an indication of his intimate knowledge of all his most secret thoughts and acts, added that word as He gave them the chalice, "Drink ye *all* of this." But however this may be, the testimony of history makes it certain that from the very earliest times, the Jews (*genus hominum cala-*

*mitosissimum*, as they have been well described with reference to this subject),\* who had stumbled so fatally at the lowly guise in which the Redeemer came when He was born of the Blessed Virgin and expired on the Cross, scoffed yet more loudly at that inconceivably more humble form wherein He now dwells among the children of men in this sacrament; that they continually manifested an especial curiosity to see and to hear concerning it; that they spread abroad the most false and malicious reports about it; and finally, that they loaded it with the most ignominious injuries whenever they had the opportunity, and that whilst so doing, they were again and again the unwilling witnesses of its true but hidden nature. St. Amphilochius, in his life of St. Basil, tells us of a Jew who had contrived to gain admission into the church where that bishop was celebrating Mass on Easter-day, and who saw, as he believed, a beautiful child offered upon the altar; presently he drew near to partake of the sacrifice, as though he had been of the number of the faithful, and he seemed to receive into his hands a portion of real flesh, which he took with him to his home; after much consideration, he determined on seeking instruction in the Christian mysteries, and finally embraced the Catholic faith. In later times, when it was impossible for them to approach the holy altar themselves, they procured the assistance of Christians, over whom they chanced to have power, for the accomplishment of their sacrilegious purposes; such as servants of their own household, or persons whose poverty had obliged them to borrow or to pledge their goods to these usurious money-lenders, and then, rather than undergo the shame or the miseries of privation, did not hesitate to give the sacred host into the hands of these wicked wretches. And in almost all instances the sacrilege was discovered by means of the fame of certain prodigies which were wrought, and which could not be concealed from the knowledge of the neighbourhood. The host was pierced again and again in bitter hatred against the very name of Christ, and blood flowed copiously at every wound, as happened at Brussels in the year 1379, where the hosts themselves were preserved, and the event commemorated by a yearly festival, from generation to generation: it was divided with a knife, and the edges dropped with blood; it was cast into the fire, and the flames were extinguished by the blood, as happened in Paris on Easter-day, A.D. 1290, where the house in which it took place was converted into a chapel three or four years afterwards, and the event received a yearly commemoration on the Sunday after Easter.† The same thing had happened at

\* Bredenbach Sac. Collat. i. 51.

† Spond. Ann. Eccl. ad A.D. 1290.

Lanciano, on the eastern coast of Italy, not twenty years before; and there too the house was changed into a chapel, which was visited with much devotion even so late as the last century.\* Every where there was some token more or less wonderful of its divinity; and every where, or almost every where, were those tokens rejected. Sometimes, indeed, of those who only heard rumours of the miracle, and had had no share in the crime which was the occasion of it, a few, being convinced of their errors, were admitted into the Catholic Church; but for the most part, those who had themselves perpetrated the abominable and sacrilegious enormities were thereby rendered yet more blind and incensed with still greater fury; indeed, it often happened that they were put to death by the Christians for these very crimes.

There is extant, however, a letter of Pope Innocent III. dated in the sixteenth year of his pontificate, that is, early in the thirteenth century, and addressed to the Archbishop of Sens,† commending to his especial care a Jewish family of his diocese, that had been converted by a miracle of a somewhat different kind, which is worth mentioning. A maid-servant, who had acquired a secret disbelief of the Christian faith, from long habitation to the arguments and blasphemies of the Jews with whom she lived, yet feared to make an open confession of her apostacy, and in order to screen herself from suspicion, did not hesitate to receive the holy Sacrament of the altar during the paschal festival. Still she dared not, or she did not choose, to consume what was given her; but concealing it in her mouth, presently left the church, and took it to her master, saying, "Look! here is my Saviour, as the Christians call him." The Jew, delighted to have such a treasure in his possession, went immediately to deposit it in a small empty box which was lying in a chest close by; but being interrupted by a knock at the door, hastily threw it aside into a box of money which chanced to be nearest at hand. Returning a few minutes afterwards, he could find nothing in the box but only more hosts, such as the one he had received from his servant, and as many in number as there had been pieces of money. Vexed at this loss, he thought that if he could but remove the original host, the rest might perhaps be restored into money again; but he looked in vain for any mark of difference between them: he had thought to distinguish it by the moisture which he had noticed on its surface; but this was now gone, and they were all perfectly alike. What effect these things had upon himself, we do not know;

\* Ughelli, *Italia Sacra*, in loc.

† *Epist. Rom. Pontif. lib. xvi. ep. 84*: ed. Baluz. Paris, 1682.



but his son, who happened to be present, was so much struck by them, that he determined to lose no time in examining the evidences of Christianity, and to embrace it if he should be satisfied of its authority. For this purpose he committed his wife and family to the care of some of his Christian neighbours, and then journeyed to Rome, as to the most authentic and trustworthy depository of Christian knowledge. Here he was duly instructed and received by the Cardinal Bishop of Frascati; and the Pope being much interested in his history, gave him this letter of recommendation on his return to Sens, begging the Archbishop to look to his temporal concerns, so that his conversion might not involve him in circumstances of distress, such as to endanger his perseverance in the faith.

We have already said that hosts in which miracles of this kind had been manifested were very commonly preserved in the churches where they had been consecrated, or even sent as a precious gift to some other church; and that miraculous cures of different kinds were not unfrequently wrought by them. The instances of this are far too numerous to be reckoned up in these pages, but we must not omit two or three of the most famous and best authenticated. In the year 1597, some Moors stole the silver pyx, containing several consecrated hosts, from one of the churches in a town of New Castile, in Spain. The hosts themselves these sacrilegious thieves were going to throw away as worthless; but one of their number, who was an apostate Christian, or at least was born of Christian parents, was not so hardened in sin but that he desired to rescue them from this profane treatment, and took an opportunity therefore, not long afterwards, to have them restored to one of the Jesuit fathers in the college which they then had in that town. This father, acting upon the advice of the celebrated theologian Vasquez, who was a professor in the same college, placed the hosts in a damp place where they might soon corrupt; for they misdoubted the information they had received, and thought it most probable that the hosts had been prepared with some poisonous ingredients by the perfidious Moors. At the end of a few days Father Suarez (not *the* Suarez, but one of the same family) returned and found them not only uncorrupted, but shining with a very remarkable brightness. He guessed at once that this was a miraculous manifestation of their sacred character; nevertheless he judged it prudent to make a still further experiment, by putting in the same place a number of hosts that had not been consecrated. By and by these unconsecrated hosts were found to be entirely putrefied, whilst the others were perfectly sound,

and still retained the same extraordinary brightness. The experiment was repeated with the same result; whereupon the matter was brought before the theological and philosophical academy of the place, and by their advice it was referred to the dean and chapter of Toledo. Finally it was determined that they could only be truly consecrated hosts, and that they should be exposed to public veneration in the church of the Jesuits whither they had been first brought; and there they were still preserved, and illustrated with many miracles, sixty years afterwards, when the learned Petrasancta published the work\* from which we have taken this account of them.

Another miraculous host, which had been seen to have all the qualities of flesh by the whole congregation assembled in the church of the monastery of the Holy Cross in Augsburg, on the 11th of May, 1199,† and which, moreover, visibly increased in size until the following feast of St. John the Baptist, was reserved for centuries, and many wonderful miracles were wrought by it, such as casting out devils, healing the sick and the lame, opening the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf, and loosing the tongue of the dumb. Some of these miracles were juridically examined and approved, and a *Te Deum* was appointed to be sung as a public act of thanksgiving for them. Even as late as the year 1611, the Princess Maximiliana, sister of William Duke of Bohemia, being very lame and otherwise infirm, was carried to the said monastery by her servants; and having made a vow before this host, she returned on foot and without help, having been made perfectly whole. A similar host was preserved in the sixteenth century in the church of St. Ambrose at Florence, memorial of a miracle which had happened in the year 1230; and another still remained in the middle of the seventeenth century in the Chapel Royal at Dijon,‡ having been originally presented by Pope Eugenius IV. to Philip Duke of Burgundy in the year 1433. But, in truth, the time would fail us, should we attempt to enumerate even those which have attained the greatest celebrity, still less all that are recorded in history: the few that have been mentioned will suffice. It is more to our purpose to observe, what was not spoken of indeed by Pelbartus in the passage with which we prefaced these histories, though the first example which he gives was itself an instance of it, namely, that our Blessed Lord has sometimes declared His presence in the holy Eucharist by appearing in the form of an infant. In fact, it would almost seem that this had been the most common

\* *Thaumasia Veræ Religionis*, tom. iii. cap. 2.

† *Bzovius, Annales*, tom. xiii. ad ann. § 43.

‡ *Sauvegarde du Ciel pour la Ville de Dijon*, par P. Boulier, 1643.

form of His appearance, as certainly it is a most touching and appropriate one.

It was the practice in the Eastern Church—and modern travellers assure us that it is so still—to represent the holy Eucharist, not as a host lying on a paten, but as a little child lying on a dish. This picture is to be seen very frequently painted on the wall above their altars; and in the Latin Church too, the words, "*Parrulus natus est nobis*,"\* were not uncommonly inscribed round the edge of the paten, with a similar mystical allusion. This naturally reminds us also of the wicked calumny which was believed concerning the first Christians by their Pagan neighbours, and which manifestly had reference to their celebration of the eucharistic feast; namely, that they were in the habit of meeting together on certain occasions to partake of the flesh and blood of a young child whom they had previously put to death by means of innumerable piercings of its tender body. How this notion first got abroad among the heathen, we are not pretending to inquire; but its coincidence with the miraculous appearances which we are about to mention is certainly not a little remarkable. The history of the Jew recorded by St. Amphilochius in his life of St. Basil has been already spoken of; and St. Arsenius† tells us of one of the fathers of the desert, towards the end of the fourth century, who being in doubt about the true doctrine of the Church upon this sacrament, went to Mass with two others who had been trying to instruct him; and that there they all saw a little child lying upon the altar, with an angel from heaven standing by its side, holding a knife ready to sacrifice it; that this was actually done at the moment when the priest was seen to break the host; and that the hermit whose faith had been doubtful partook of the sacrifice. A similar vision is said to have been vouchsafed to St. Hugh of Lincoln again and again; as also to St. Edward the Confessor;‡ and the story of St. Louis is known to all: how that in the Royal Chapel at Paris, in the year 1258, when a priest was elevating the host for the adoration of the people, the whole congregation were amazed at beholding a most beautiful child borne aloft in his hands; those who stood nearest to him begged that he would prolong the elevation until the king could be summoned to witness so wonderful and edifying a sight; but when the saintly monarch heard of it, he answered, in words worthy of perpetual remembrance, "Go rather and tell it these who do not believe; for myself, I have no need of the

\* Isaias ix. 6.

† Vit. SS. Pat. apud Garet. ubi supra.

‡ Ailred. Abb. Rievall. p. 389, Cronicon J. Bromton, p. 949, apud Hist. Angl. Script. London, 1652.



evidence of my senses, because the faith is already written in my heart." Perhaps the most valuable instance, however, because narrated to us by one who was himself an eye-witness of what he relates, is that of a host in the church of St. Amatus, in Douay, in the thirteenth century. This host had accidentally fallen from the hands of the priest whilst he was communicating the people at Easter: he stooped to pick it up; but lo! it was borne aloft without any visible hands, and reposed on the purificatory which lay upon the altar. The exclamations of the priest bring the other canons to the spot, and all behold in the host the engaging sight of a lovely innocent child; the people see it also: at least, this is the appearance which it presents to the great majority of them; some, however, see in the same host a face of awful majesty, as of an offended judge; and others, again, the moving spectacle of their bleeding Saviour hanging upon the cross. Dr. Thomas Desey, or, as he is more commonly known (from the monastery to which he belonged), Thomas Cantipratanus, afterwards Bishop of Cambray, was living at this time somewhere in the neighbourhood of Douay; and although he was not present at the first moment when the miracle happened, yet within a few days afterwards, whilst yet the host continued to exhibit these remarkable appearances, he went to the dean of the church of St. Amatus, who happened to be an intimate friend of his, and asked to be allowed to see it.\* The dean opened the door of the tabernacle, and uncovered the pyx in which the host had been placed; and immediately the people about him, he tells us, were lost in astonishment at the sight which presented itself, and exclaimed, "Now I see, behold the Saviour!" For himself, however, at first he saw nothing; but on raising his eyes again, he beheld the figure of his Redeemer in the full stature of a man, bearing the crown of thorns upon his head, with two drops of blood on either side of his face, trickling down from the forehead. He afterwards saw in the same host the figure of our Lord as of one of most imposing majesty and grace, without any token of the Passion whatever; and he tells us that to others also it presented the same variety of appearances at various times. The same phenomenon (of multiplied appearances presenting themselves to different persons simultaneously, or to the same person successively) is mentioned as a characteristic of a miraculous host preserved in the parish church of a village in Portugal about two centuries ago.† The host of which we have spoken at Douay was reserved for a very considerable period, and a yearly festival

\* Bonum Univ. de ap. lib. ii. c. xl. § 2.

† Petrasancta Thaumasia, &c. t. iii. c. 10.

was celebrated in commemoration of the event, on the Tuesday in Easter week, down to at least the middle of the seventeenth century.

We have now brought together a great variety of miracles all more or less directly demonstrating the reality in the holy Eucharist of Christ's whole and undivided presence—of the presence, that is, both of His manhood and of His divinity—under the outward semblance of bread and wine; and we have seen too that these miracles are attested by every kind of evidence which even scepticism itself could require: the testimony of eye-witnesses, the authentic records of history, the conversion of heretics and infidels convinced by what they had seen, and the still more permanent memorial of churches built and festivals celebrated for the sole purpose of their commemoration. Let us say one word then, in conclusion, to any who may chance to have read these histories, disbelieving the doctrine which they confirm. Such a one must of course refuse credence to the histories themselves; and the only plea upon which, with any shew of reason, he can justify his disbelief will be found ultimately to resolve itself into his own personal inexperience of such wonders in times present. He may ask (as it was often asked, St. Augustin\* tells us, in *his* age), "Why are not such miracles wrought in these days as you tell us were wrought in times past?" To this inquiry the same authority says, that "it would be sufficient to answer that miracles were only necessary before the world believed, for that they were wrought in order that it might believe;" that is, if we may be allowed to adapt his language to the present condition of those who are external to the Church, miracles are more necessary in times of doubt and discussion and difficulty, than when the faith is defined and settled, and the whole Church is at rest concerning it: not that the Church herself, considered collectively or in the person of her chief rulers, needed such confirmation of their belief even at the time when it was granted; but these wonders were mercifully permitted as a testimony to the true doctrine which she taught, not for her own sake, but for the sake of those whom Satan was seeking to entice from the fold and to involve in the snares of heresy and error. Her teaching, indeed, had been always clear and distinct enough for such as were willing to be guided by it; nevertheless to some who were unstable God in his great goodness conceded these sensible manifestations of the truth, sufficient as it were to keep them by force in the right path, until the Church should have spoken with still greater precision, distinctly denouncing the false doctrine by which they

\* De Civ. Dei, xxii. c. 8.

were tempted. But as soon as this had been done, men of simple and humble minds, if ever they found themselves assailed by doubt, could turn at once to the clear and positive enunciations of that voice which God had provided to be their guide, and would silence all their own private conceits and opinions before her who is the pillar and ground of the truth. This, we say, would be both a fair and a sufficient answer to the question which we have imagined; moreover, it would be very pertinent to the state of the case before us: for certainly there is evidence of a far greater abundance of miracles connected with the holy Eucharist from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, when the heresies concerning it were first growing into notice, than at any other time; and, as we have seen, it would be only reasonable that it should be so. Still this is not perhaps the whole truth, not all which the revilers of the Church might know, if they really asked the question in sincerity and truth. Neither was St. Augustin himself contented with this answer only. He goes on to say, that "in truth miracles *are* wrought even now in the name of Jesus, either by His sacraments or by the prayers or relics of His saints; only they are not so much noised abroad, nor attain the same fame and notoriety; and for this reason: those first miracles are written in the Scriptures, which cause them to be known every where; but these of our own day are only known in the very places where they happen, and often hardly even there by the whole city or neighbourhood. Sometimes very few indeed know any thing at all about it, especially if the city is large, or if the story is told with some variations perhaps by different persons, so that it does not come with such weight of authority as to command instant and unhesitating belief, though told by one Christian to another. Thus, the miracle which happened at Milan whilst we were there (we are still quoting from St. Augustin), when the blind man was restored to sight, is known to a good many, because the city is large, the emperor was there at the time, and the thing was done in the presence of an immense crowd of witnesses, who came running together to see the bodies of Protasius and Gervasius. The state of the case was this: these bodies had been buried, and nobody knew any thing at all about them, until it was revealed to Ambrose, the Bishop, in his sleep, and they were found; and by means of them a man that had before been blind now saw light, the former darkness being entirely taken away. This miracle then became pretty notorious; but others, on the contrary, which have happened at Carthage, in my own presence and before my own eyes, are comparatively unknown." This testimony of St. Augustin is especially valuable, foras-



much as he knew by experience what were the difficulties and objections which stood most in the way of strangers, whether heretics or infidels, and hindered them from embracing the Catholic faith; and the truth of his testimony in this matter is what all history proclaims, and the experience of every Catholic still confirms. It would be foreign to the general purpose of these papers to enter into any details upon this subject, but we could not wholly omit it, after having brought together so many miraculous tales taken from ancient and mediæval times. We have been withheld by obvious reasons from adducing more modern instances; at the same time, we consider it due to ourselves, no less than to our readers, to make these few observations. Miracles in the holy Eucharist *do* still happen from time to time in various parts of the Church, not less real or less wonderful than those which we have related, only they are less generally known and less accurately related: in a word, if one may be permitted to use so familiar an expression, they are only known, and their histories are only handed down, *in the family*; they are not drawn up in an accurate and scientific form, so as to be subjected to the rude criticism of persons indifferent or hostile to the faith which they so powerfully illustrate and confirm.

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## KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

### CHAPTER XV. *The Lodging-House.*

*“The Lodging-house.”* To what different associations do these words give rise! To the expectant wife and blooming daughters who have as yet failed in extorting from the too prudent husband and father that *ne plus ultra* of female felicity, a well-appointed town mansion, they in “the merrie month of May” never fail to conjure up visions of apartments regally furnished, fashionably situated, first-rate attendance, and every other requisite, all for the exceedingly moderate rent of from twelve to sixteen guineas a week. To others they merely represent a quiet, respectable, private street, such as one meets in the neighbourhood of the squares, and where any given house may serve as a model for the whole row, with almost every other parlour-window exhibiting a neat embossed card intimating that here furnished apartments are to be let. In most cases these residences are parcelled out into floors, the mistress doing the cooking, the maid-of-all-work waiting at

table; and what with the exactions, caprices, and impertinences of their temporary occupants, both, poor things, are equally to be pitied in their endeavours to make ends meet. But it is quite another class of lodging-house with which I have to do. The common lodging-house is a distinct specimen of its species, abounding more plentifully in this vast metropolis than is conducive to the morality and well-being of its poorer inhabitants; though of course even here there are different grades, some being considered, and really proving, more respectable and well-conducted than others. Now as the identical establishment of which I am about to speak is a very fair type of its class, I shall at once introduce it to my readers, not only such as it was at the period of my tale, but such as it continues to the present day.

Not far from the Buildings, and close to A—— Court, though leading directly into one of the most fashionably frequented business-neighbourhoods in the West End, is a street without thoroughfare, tolerably wide, clean, well-paved, lighted, and for about two-thirds of its length composed of small respectable-looking houses,—houses whose parlour-windows one sees decorated with a bright-green miniature paling, a five-barred gate in the centre, all looking so natural and rural, and a number of deep-red flower-pots within. The plants they contain might be better, to be sure; but what of that? they are very well for London. And then there is an egg or two resting on the upper pane, and the hens who laid the said eggs are pecking busily up and down, as though to warrant their being genuine new-laid; and with so convincing a proof of their parentage close at hand, who so hardy as to doubt it? Near the upper end of this street, it is intersected by two courts. The lower stories of one of these courts are almost entirely occupied by brokers, where old and inferior goods, under the invigorating influences of “French polish,” assume an appearance well calculated to make the unwary purchaser credit the solemn assurance of the dealer that “they are next to given away.” I have often marvelled, however, how the inhabitants of cellar and garret could endure the spirituous atmosphere which positively takes away your breath as you enter the house where this spurious varnish is used; in fact, it is so pungent as to overpower even the fumes of fried fish, another business carried on to some extent in the outhouses of this locality. The second passage,—for it is too narrow to deserve any other name,—besides being appropriated to rag-pickers, bone-merchants, and bottle-shops, trades not of the most cleanly description, contains a lodging-house; and, indeed, the portion of the street above the two courts is entirely

composed of houses of this kind, the dead wall in which it terminates bearing the inscription, in letters of more than a foot in length, "Lodgings for single men." You must not suppose, however, but that persons of all descriptions find ready shelter here on payment of the threepence which is invariably demanded before the wanderer is allowed to stretch his weary limbs on a not over-inviting couch. As the interior of these buildings is comparatively deserted during the day, it is no unusual thing for the passers-by to be regaled with the sight of coverlets, blankets, and sheets suspended from the upper windows, airing in the sun, or, in other words, ridding themselves of the filth engendered by one set of lodgers in order to be ready for the use of another; and this is by a mere elementary process, perfectly independent of those refinements of modern luxury known by the name of soap and water. To the natural philosopher it might not be altogether uninteresting to watch the different characters who pass in and out,—or, more correctly speaking, the *same* persons in *different* characters. As we gaze admiringly on that wooden-legged specimen of a British tar, that blind fiddler from the land of cakes, and above all, the venerable man bending beneath the weight of years, we call to mind a certain nursery-tale of a mill wherein the old were ground young again; for we could swear we saw that very trio enter the same door not half an hour ago sound in limb and in full possession of all their senses, the latter especially remarkable for his sturdy youthful appearance: the fellow would realise a fortune on the stage, if only for his knack of "making up."

One of these houses must have seen better days. It is a large barrack-like building, dangerously out of the perpendicular, crazy with age, and so innocent of repair that the whole establishment cannot boast an entire window; and for doors (save the mark!), some have been removed, sill and all; others can boast a solitary panel, though in all cases affording a full and unimpeded view of the sleepers to such late comers as may chance to be ascending the dangerous and broken stair. This edifice, be it remarked, has a reputation for propriety, and consequently raises its head with a certain pharisaical display of superiority over its less virtuous neighbours. There are apartments for single men, others for single women; the smaller rooms being appropriated to families who, on paying the week *in advance*, are allowed to take their meals on the premises, and for this purpose enjoy the use of a kitchen, where a fire is kept burning winter and summer at the expense of the landlord. The upper story has its advantages and disadvantages, the latter consisting chiefly of the almost total



absence of roof, whereby the sleepers are occasionally treated with an unexpected and gratuitous shower-bath. This of course depending on the caprice of the climate, forms no part of the agreement; for although the proprietors clear a rent about commensurate with that of a mansion in Cavendish Square, it is not their policy to expend a farthing on "an old tumble-down shell, which the district surveyors would be having about their ears some fine morning or other." To counterbalance this exposure to the weather, the back windows look upon a really well-kept and beautiful garden, belonging to one of those old quaint palaces with which London still abounds; though so jealously are they guarded by high dingy walls, that one is apt to associate them with something especially gloomy and disagreeable. The room which possessed this incalculable advantage was that assigned to single women; and although its usual inmates were not in general very enthusiastic admirers of inanimate nature, that garden had proved a real blessing to one who for many a weary day, and still more weary night, had been chained by a lingering and acute disease to a bed from which she had once never expected to rise again.

In the internal arrangement of the chamber, or rather loft, there was nothing particularly inviting, the furniture consisting of some seven or eight bedsteads, rickety, worm-eaten, and so metamorphosed from their original designs, that their makers would have had some difficulty in recognising the offspring of their own ingenuity. There was the stately four-post shorn of its fair proportions, amputated to a stump; the remains of the elegant French bedstead daily dwindling from atrophy; the half-tester lamed by some unfortunate accident; the tent, and other nameless varieties; but all so mutilated, that the place rather suggested the idea of an hospital erected by some of the philanthropists of the day for the reception of invalided or decayed furniture, than the sleeping-apartment of human beings. It, however, possessed a peculiarity which must not be here passed over; the rugs, blankets, in short every article of bedding, were stamped all over with the emphatic phrase, "Stop Thief!" an expression with which the trampers seemed perfectly conversant, inasmuch as it failed to elicit either surprise or displeasure. A small heap of oyster-shells near each door might cause the uninitiated to wonder at the untiring predilection for that rather expensive delicacy; they would have marvelled still more, perhaps, when they learnt that these were the candlesticks of the establishment. Chairs or tables there were none; and as the bedsteads before mentioned were chained to the floor, any unjust appropriation of the household furniture would have been (to say the least) difficult.

It was considerably past mid-day, the hour at which the nightly lodgers were *compelled* to turn out; the room therefore, with the exception above alluded to, was quite untenanted. And that exception?—it was a girl, fair, young, and once innocent, though now wasted by sickness and depressed by suffering. In the silence of that wide dreary chamber she had no companionship but thoughts which, if one might judge by the tears standing in those large melancholy eyes, were sad enough. Yet there were evident marks that the child (she was little else in years) was not uncared for. A large pillow supported the drooping shoulders; the sheets, clean though coarse, were evidently private property; a neat quilted cap-border shaded the lily-like face; and the bed she occupied was wheeled round, so that she could without exertion gaze on the garden,—that garden which for two long months had been to her a monitor, a confidante, nay even a friend. When, a broken-hearted wanderer, Mary Pratt (for she it was) had been brought to that harbour of the harbourless by one as desolate as herself, losing both memory and consciousness during her first night's sojourn, how had she used her recovered faculties? To blame, nay revile the patient creature who begged and toiled only for her; for *her*, the child of the man who had assisted in the wringing of her own young heart; and oft, in the wildness of her wayward nature, would Mary with her tongue wish herself still in the abode of infamy from which she had been rescued, though her heart would smite her as she marked poor Kate's tearful eyes, and remembered how she had toiled and suffered for her sake. Then slowly and by degrees a change came over her spirit; and at her first wish there came to her a minister of God's Church. He whispered gentle, soothing words, and in process of time she was reconciled to her offended Maker; then she only wished for life to spend it in his service, and her prayer was heard. Though still too weak to be moved, she rapidly mended; more rapidly, perhaps, because when Kate was absent, a kind friend might sometimes be seen by her side, cheering her and uttering sounds such as she had never heard before; for they were sounds of kindness, real heartfelt kindness, and Mary learnt to long for that light footstep, and to watch the hours until the lady came. On the present occasion, however, it was a dull, drizzly November day, so she could scarce be expected; and Mary tossed restlessly about, and wondered and wondered again, until she wondered herself to sleep; and when she awoke, she found Kate Gearey already returned and seated on the foot of the bed.

"Why, Kattie, what brings you back so soon?" she inquired pettishly; "you said you'd not be back until evening."

"Did you dhrink all the tay an ate the bit of cake I left you, Mary dear?" said the kind-hearted girl, evading the question, as she thought, most skilfully. But her companion, although younger, knew the world and the world's ways better than herself; and besides, circumstances had rendered her suspicious. She saw at a glance there was something Kate wished to conceal, and was determined to fathom the mystery.

"No I didn't, I wasn't hungry, and the lady didn't come; but I suppose you went there, so you can tell me the reason."

"Oh, is it Miss Bradshawe you're maning? Its hersilf ull be here presintly, and good news she has for the pair of us, dear. But whin I think of the crathur, oh!"—

"I'm sure you don't look much as if it was *good news* you had to tell; you're as white as your apron, and I am certain you've been crying, Kate, so it's of no use telling a lie about it. Did the lady scold you?"

"Scould me, is it? Ah no; I've got what I wanthed, the good situation at last,—ov coorse not till it's well you are, Mary darlint; an it was lave Ellen gave me to come an tell you all about it, whin,—whin who do you think I met?"

"How should I know?" exclaimed the sick girl, with increasing impatience; "you know how I hate your round-about ways of telling a story, and yet you always do it."

"Well, thin—but don't lit it scare you, darlint, she'll not cum near you—it was Martha Warden."

"Martha Warden! Oh, don't let her see me, Kate! Didn't you promise Father Morgan you'd never speak to that *woman*, that monster again? You don't know her as I do, you don't know half her wickedness! And, God forgive me! I often feel sorry my father didn't do for her outright when he came out of the hospital."

"Hush, Mary dear; didn't Miss Bradshawe tell you re-vinge was a sin? An sure if he'd kilt her outright, he'd have been hanged; so it's not wishing well to him you are."

"I feel I've been very wicked," said poor Mary, bursting into an agony of tears; "but if you knew what that wretch made me suffer! I was well brought up by my poor mother, and it couldn't have been a trifle that forced me to such evil courses that I hate myself even now—and I only sixteen. But Kate, did you speak to her? Did she say any thing about me? You didn't surely tell her where I was?"

"She asked, but I didn't tell; though my heart couldn't but melt to the crathur, for it was in great thrubble she seemed. She was crying a dale (an you know Martha hadn't the wather near her eyes for nothing), an she leaning over the bridge for'nent the Park, so I couldn't help listhening to



her; and whin I turned away—it's of no use scouldin, Mary—I gave her half the loaf I was bringing to you, an she clutched houl't of it quite wild like, and said, 'God bliss you, girl! I didn't deserve it of you; tell *her*, praps she'll forgive me whin I'm *there*;' an she pointed to the black-looking wathers, an laughed till it made me blood cold, an thin gnawed the loaf as if it was famished intirely she was."

"What, has that wicked old mother of hers turned her out too, I wonder?" inquired Mary, somewhat softened; "she'd do it fast enough, if she couldn't give her money for gin."

"Ah, that's the tirrible judgment; she tould me all about it. The Lord be marcifful to her poor sowl—an she a Catherlic too!"

"Is she dead, then?" asked Mary, her curiosity overcoming her dislike; "do tell me all about it, Kate."

"Why you see," said the girl, who required no second bidding, "Mother Buckland was given to dhrink, as you know, an tuk a dale more than was good for her, more's the pity—an was passionate, an curst, an led the bad life altogither, widout the fear of God before her eyes. It seems afther Jim an oursilves wint away, she got worse, an quarrelled wid Martha, an made the house too hot to hould the lot on em. She fell off in the ating too; not enuff for a midge did she put between her lips; it was nothink but dhrink, dhrink all day long. Well, last Sunday was a fortnite, she was sitting by the fire, wid her feet on the finder an the gin-bottle on her lap,—for it wasn't able to hould it she was ony longer,—whin up wid her she jumps and bolts to the windey; lucky, there was the tree out airing the clothes, so Martha pulled her behind an down she wint, an the screeches of her were tirrible to be sure; she rolled over the floore an bawled for wather, an the more she got the more she wantned. At last she couldn't bawl ony more, but her struggles were dreadful to be sure; an Martha thought praps, as she'd been christened, a praste ud be able to make something out of her, so she off wid hersilf for one; but jist when she got near the place she lost heart, an was shamed to let the clargy know what she was, and where she bided. Now what did she do but back wid her, thinking she'd git the ould woman into a dacement place, that she'd borry from one of the peeples in the street, which you know isn't altogither as bad as the coorte; an she pawned her shawl to pay them, the crathur. Now, when ivery thing was reddy, she wint back for her mother; but there was no moving her at all, tumbling, an screeching, an yelling worse nor iver, and not able to get out one sinsible word. So Martha this time off to the praste in airnest, an tould him her errand, an brought him wid her too

every inch of the way. But it wasn't much use ayther; for why? whin she got home Missis Buckland was dead, aff, clane gane, and no mistake. Now, Mary avourneen, we must forgive and forgit, an pray for the poor soul that can't help itself." During the first part of Kate's story, there was a cold unforgiving look in Mary Pratt's eyes strangely at variance with what *ought* to have been the expression of that childish face; gradually, however, it subsided; but she made no remark, and after a short pause exclaimed,

"And now where's the *good* news, girl? I'm thinking that to you and I, Kattie, luck is something like an angel's visit, rare and far between."

"Ah, but it's raly good news, Mary! I've got a situation afther all."

"You told me that before," said her companion sharply; for bad example and illness had rendered her selfish, and she dreaded losing the kind and affectionate nurse, to whom, moreover, she was mainly indebted for her means of subsistence.

"Yes, but I didn't tell you where," answered Kate, too full of her own happiness to notice Mary's chagrin. "Ellen is goin to be married; an now Mrs. Selby's got used to me, they've promised to thry me as Miss Bradshawe's own maid. It's a dale I've larnt already by goin backward an forward; an afther I've been in the house a month intirely wid Ellen, who's very partial to me now, an has left off making game of me, they say its altogither shutable I'll be."

"And leave me to starve"—and the weak and irritable poor creature burst into a paroxysm of tears. Kate twined her arms round her, kissed and soothed her, saying as she did so, "No, darlint, that's the best news of all, an its dying I am to tell you all about it; but Miss Bradshawe tould me not, an said it was here she'd be as soon as meesilf, an——"

"She is here, Kate," exclaimed the well-known voice of Josephine, who had entered unperceived; "but what have you been doing to Mary?" Kate looked confused; and extricating herself as speedily as possible, carefully dusted an old box, set it on an end, respectfully requested Miss Bradshawe to be seated, and then added, "Mary was crying, my lady, at parting me; not that it was dark she was at me good fortin, but it's lonesome widout me she'd be." And she compressed her lips firmly, as though to intimate how well she had kept the secret confided to her charge.

"Do not fret, my poor child," said Josephine kindly; "you shall be cared for until you too are able to take a situation."

"A situation, madam?—surely you forget—" and she fixed her eloquent eyes on her visitor's face, whilst her pallid

cheeks were suffused with burning blushes, and her slight frame trembled with the excess of emotion.

"I forget nothing, Mary," answered Miss Bradshawe, still more gently, affectionately pressing the thin wasted hand which lay on the coverlet. "You are now well enough to be removed; I shall send you into the country; an old nurse of mine will take care of you until you are quite well, and then you shall go for a year or two to the Good Shepherd, where the kind nuns will fit you for service, make you good and happy. The past will be all forgotten, and there will then be no difficulty in obtaining a situation for you." Mary, to Kate's great astonishment, did not look half so overjoyed as the latter expected, and after a short pause she inquired,

"But, madam, is not the Good Shepherd a Magdalen?"

"Yes, Mary; why do you ask?"

"Because one of the girls at that—that house had been in a penitentiary; she came out worse than ever, and I really don't think I should like it at all."

"That was not a Catholic establishment, Mary. At Hammersmith you will be under the charge of nuns, *ladies* who, as you know, have left their parents, their homes, and in some cases their country, to embrace the religious life, uniting the rules of the Visitation (which I have always considered one of the most perfect) with the greatest act of charity which it is possible for a pure and spotless human being to exercise towards her fallen fellow-creatures."

This explanation was not quite intelligible to Kate; but Mary, better educated, understood every word, and quietly answered, "I do not think, madam, I should like to be shut up all my life even with nuns; there is something to me dull in the idea of a convent."

"You can never be a *nun* at the Good Shepherd, Mary, nor will you live with the religious; the convent and asylum are quite distinct. The sisters who attend you take it by turns; your meals, occupations, and amusements will be shared with your own companions; and of course you can leave whenever you think proper, though it is advisable for you to remain sufficiently long to insure in your regard the end of this admirable institute."

"But you mentioned amusements, madam; I thought a penitentiary was a place to punish those who had led a bad life?"

"It is a place to *reform* them, Mary; to restore lost innocence, and with it lost happiness. You will be allowed every harmless recreation; and when I come to see you, I expect a pretty nosegay out of your own little garden."

"Garden!—shall I be allowed a garden?" and the girl's



face brightened as she glanced wistfully towards that to which she owed so much, now looking dreary enough, enveloped as it was in a yellow London fog; "and they will let me see you and Kattie, and not beat me? I've had so much ill treatment, it makes me tremble whenever I think of it; but I dare say I should be very happy—only—"

"Beat you? why, my child, the most severe punishment you can have to expect is to be deprived of some little unnecessary luxury, something you particularly fancy, or to be enjoined an extra half-hour's silence, as a mother would correct a wayward child, whose welfare, spiritual and temporal, is the object nearest her heart. Were you so incorrigible as to need beating, the nuns, in justice to the remainder of the penitents, would be compelled, however unwillingly, to dismiss you. And now for the meaning of your *only*, for I see there is something more."

"I was thinking, madam, that perhaps if the others were better than myself, and knew how wicked I've been, and I so young, they'd jeer me, and taunt me, and not like to speak to me; and that would break my heart."

"No such thing can happen," answered Josephine, as her eyes filled with tears of joy at the genuine and deeply-felt contrition evinced by this speech. "The most trifling allusion to the past life of a penitent is never permitted either by herself or companions; and so strictly is this rule enforced, that not even to the nuns themselves would its infringement be tolerated. Think how delightful it will be, Mary, to hear Mass every day, attend the Sacraments regularly, have kind friends, good example, no care but to do your duty, no temptations from others, and the certainty that, if you remain the full time, you will be fitted to earn your bread honestly and respectably."

"But," said Kate compassionately, "av coorse they'd be 'bliged to work, an Mary's not over sthrong, an praps it's angry wid her they'd be if she didn't do as much as the others."

"Their modes of employment are sufficiently varied to suit the difference of constitution, even tastes: household duties, washing, ironing, needlework, all these have their appointed place; and, depend upon it, their happiness is increased, not diminished, by regular habits and occupation."

"I don't doubt it," answered Kate with an effort; "but, my lady, though it's proud an grateful I am to take the grand situation, if it's comfort to the crathur I'd be, why I'd go wid her, an no more about it. I'm hearty enough now, thank God, and ud do the work of two, niver fear, an —"

"It would not do, Kate," said Miss Bradshawe, touched by the girl's disinterested affection. "Much as I commend your kindness for this worse than orphan, I must not allow you to be injudicious in its display; I have done the best I could for you both, and I expect to be obeyed. I am sure *you*, Mary, will offer no further opposition to my wishes, when I inform you it was the earnest desire of your father, who, erring as he was, yet loved you with a parent's affection, that if ever you crossed my path I should do my best to save and reclaim you."

"Did you ever see my father, madam?" exclaimed Mary, much surprised.

"I did once, at your mother's death-bed; he ——"

"O Miss Bradshawe! O Kate! tell me—my mother, my poor mother, did she—did she know ——"

"She knew nothing; that pang, thank God, was spared her. Your father arrived *after* her death, and she expired believing you still with him."

"Then I'm happy, quite happy," exclaimed the girl, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of joy. "Kate knew nothing about it, and I dared not ask you before; but now that *she* did not feel the shame I'd brought on her, I'll try and take heart."

"Do so, Mary; and when you are virtuous and happy, do not forget to pray for the conversion of your poor father."

"Ah," interrupted Kate, "an that minds me of Florry. Mary Sheehan tould me it was afther him his wife was gone; her peeples made up the money amongst thim; so it's aisey now I am."

"To-morrow, then," said Miss Bradshawe, "you both leave this miserable place. You, Kate, come to me; and Mary shall be sent for a month to Norwood, that she may become quite well and strong before she goes to Hammersmith. God bless you both!" So saying, she stooped, and, imprinting a kiss on the brow of the invalid, departed.

As the last fold of her black robe disappeared, the girls again threw themselves into each other's arms and wept; the one almost with joy, the other with a mixture of feeling, for which even she herself would have found it difficult to account.

#### CHAPTER XVI. *Unexpected.*

AUTUMN had deepened into winter; spring, summer, then autumn, then another winter, and Josephine sat alone in one of the magnificent apartments of a stately country-house in the midst of one of England's fairest and most luxuriant counties; an old Norman building, known in the neighbourhood by the

name of Burville Castle. It was beautifully situated in the midst of a lordly park, shadowed to the right by the Surrey Hills, and to the left embracing a wide expanse of country, diversified by wood and water, fifty acres of the latter belonging to the grounds themselves, owing (it is said) to the fishing mania which had possessed one of its former lords. The thick groves, the verdant sward, the spreading meadows, had now exchanged their emerald mantles for one of spotless white; the little boat lay moored in the sheltering creek, whilst the bosoms of the frozen lake and streamlets afforded healthful pastime to the village children, whose gay shouts and peals of laughter were borne by the wind to the ears of the inhabitants of that old mansion, neath whose protecting shade their forefathers had lived and flourished for centuries. And if there were blithe sounds without, there were no less happy hearts within; perhaps none more so than that of her who sat so calmly and silently in that high-backed chair, her feet resting on a cushion, and her eyes bent with such a deep, loving, thankful earnestness on (I erred when I said she was alone) the beautiful sleeping form which lay nestling in her lap. It was that of an infant some two or three months old; and as she gazed at its little innocent face, with its fringed lashes looking so pretty against its flushed cheeks, tears slowly gathered in her deep blue eyes, and began to fall almost unknown to herself. Still they were tears of happiness, of chastened, subdued, yet heartfelt happiness; and if a cloud did at times flit across her brow, it was something undefined, the foreshadowing of an event to come, a glimpse of the invisible world, on the confines of which her spirit loved to linger, a strange—she knew not what. The child stirred, smiled in its slumbers, and then the touching legend of whispering angels flitted across the mind of Josephine; it smiled again, but this time the lids were raised, and its large eyes fixed on her face; it stretched its little round dimpled limbs, and seemed striving with its tiny hands to catch at one of the long tresses which had escaped from her comb and was almost within its grasp.

“Is he not a darling, Josephine?” inquired a low musical voice; and as she looked up, she encountered the bright playful glance of one who invariably reminded her of the lost Angela.

It was that of a girl, as young and no less beautiful, though bearing in her countenance more decided marks of her Italian origin. There were the dark locks, the rich olive tint, and above all, those beaming southern eyes, looking as if their deep lustre was but a reflection from their native skies. Yet



the figure was so childlike, the countenance so young and innocent, that, but for the matronly richness of her attire, and the plain gold ring which encircled the finger of her left hand, one would almost have supposed her still within the precincts of the nursery.

"Is he not a darling, Josephine?" she repeated, making room for herself on the cushion which supported the latter's feet, and laying her pretty head by the side of the infant on her knee. "And what do *you* call yourself, to run away from us in this manner? Why, you might be as happy as the day is long; your uncle allows you to do just as you please; and for Edgar, I am half jealous of him, he thinks so much of you. Besides, what will poor baby do without his godmother? and I really never can finish converting Norville, unless you stay and help me."

"You will convert him much better your own way, Lina dear," said Miss Bradshawe, playing caressingly with Lady Norville's curls, as she used to do with those of her cousin. "You cannot tell how happy I felt when Lord Norville married you; and, Lina, you must never omit doing all in your power to strengthen your influence, so that in the end he may believe as you—as both of us believe."

"Oh, he is sure to become a Catholic now baby is one," exclaimed the Countess innocently. "But he is very angry with you, Josephine, and sent me to talk to you before you see your uncle; depend upon it, you will only make Lord Lindore more bitter against Catholics; and he has such a particular objection to the Good Shepherd, that I think you ought to yield a little, a very little you know," and she fixed her beautiful eyes imploringly on Miss Bradshawe's face.

"Lina, Lina!" said Josephine reproachfully, "how can you too conspire against me—you that are a Catholic? Every argument you can employ I have used to myself, but in vain. It is my vocation; ought I, dare I resist it?"

"But your uncle says he never will give his consent, and that were it in his power, he would withhold even your mother's fortune; at any rate, he has been advised to consult the lawyers regarding your grandfather's settlement, and —"

"My uncle *says*? Lady Norville, what can you possibly mean? Is my uncle here?"

"You have guessed it. Mind, I didn't tell you. Lord Lindore, instead of writing, has answered your letter in person; in fact, he was at first so angry, I think he imagined Edgar and myself were aiding and abetting your elopement. Of course my husband was soon exonerated; but as to poor little me, Lord Lindore's ideas concerning Papists not being very clearly

defined, I am not certain he does not consider me the arch-plotter against his peace—me, that will lose my best friend, and have no one to advise and take care of me when you are gone ;” and a large tear made her bright eyes appear brighter still, as she coaxingly pressed her lips to the back of Josephine’s hand, and gazed wistfully, almost timidly in her face.

Miss Bradshawe looked grave ; and after a pause much longer than Lady Norville altogether approved, said quietly,

“Lina, where is nurse ? I had better see my uncle directly.”

“Kate is in my dressing-room,” answered the young mother ; “she takes equal care of him, and does not plague me half so much as that consequential Mrs. Cochrane ; only the poor girl is broken-hearted at the thoughts of parting with you ; it makes me miserable to see her. Your uncle is gone into the park with Norville ; and if you put on your bonnet, we will follow them. If we go through the shrubbery, we can cross the trout-stream by the little bridge, and your meeting will be less awkward when we are all together.”

As Josephine did not reply, the Countess taking silence for consent, hastily summoned her maid to bring cloaks, bonnets, and *plenty of furs* ; for an English winter was, to one of Lina’s chilly temperament, an evil to be especially dreaded and guarded against.

Kate speedily appeared, a very different person from the Kate Gearey with whom we were formerly acquainted ; prettier than ever, neat, even smart in appearance, and so decidedly improved in manner, that but for a slight, a very slight brogue, you might have taken her for “real London-bred.” With an uneasy and steadfast glance towards Miss Bradshawe, she stooped down to take charge of the infant Lord Wellborne, although both his mother and herself were aware such a proceeding would be visited with supreme indignation by Mrs. Cochrane, who was always ringing her qualifications as an experienced nurse in the ears of the youthful Countess, whilst she in her turn stoutly maintained (behind the old lady’s back) she knew much better how to manage her own child than all the experienced nurses in the world. Before Kate had succeeded in her object, Josephine raised her hand, and taking the unconscious infant in her arms, imprinted a long fervent kiss on his brow, then relinquished him to the girl, who loved nothing better in the world, if we except Miss Bradshawe herself.

“Now, *Giuseppina mia*,” said Lady Norville, as with her two hands clasped over her companion’s arm they strolled leisurely and in silence down a wooded path leading through

the park in the direction of the rivulet before alluded to, "this is really too bad; you are making us all wretched, and you are wretched yourself."

"No, Lina, I am happy, quite happy; but of course I feel this unexpected arrival of my uncle. I had hoped to have spared both the pang of parting; and to tell you the truth, love, I am not so able to contend with him as before Angela's death. He is full of prejudices, which it requires older heads and a sterner heart than mine now is to combat successfully. Much as I love him—for I do truly love him, Lina,—I dare not reject the great grace now proffered me, lest it be turned into a curse. You know for the last year I have been reinstated in my former position, with full freedom to act as my conscience dictates, with (thanks to *his* liberality) increased means of benefiting my fellow-creatures; and why do you suppose I have so valued all that Lord Lindore's bounty has so generously given? That I may make of it a more costly offering; that in quitting the world I may have something to relinquish, some sacrifice to make for a God who has so loaded me with benefits. Lina, I could not die happy unless I had made this determination, so do not you increase my difficulties; for perhaps—perhaps," and she pressed one of the little hands which rested on her arm, "that death may not be far distant."

"Why, what do you mean, Josephine?" inquired Lady Norville, gazing fearfully in her face; "you are not ill, are you? Let us turn back and wait for them in the library."

"No, Lina, I am not ill; but there is a strange feeling over me which I cannot shake off. I wish my uncle had not come. I am not fanciful, yet when I gaze on each dear familiar object, the strange idea will flit across my mind that it is for the *last* time. Lina, you will be kind to Kate?"

"Josephine! you frighten me to death; I *must* turn back."

"Nonsense, dearest; I am very silly. Is the lake thoroughly frozen, that those people are allowed to congregate in such numbers upon it?"

"The park-keepers say so, and it is a great amusement for the children; they have roughened the ice so with their skates, I walked on it this morning myself with Norville."

"Poor little things, how happy they look! listen to their boisterous merriment," said Josephine, pausing for a moment on a sort of road which divided the broad bosom of the magnificent sheet of water, and on one side of which an artificial cascade, now a perfect fairy temple of icicles, had been constructed for the recreation of its finny inhabitants. The rising ground on which they stood commanded one of the finest



prospects in the neighbourhood; and notwithstanding the intense cold, the sun shone with a brilliancy which lent to that winter scene a species of enchantment, a glittering splendour, awakening the enthusiastic fervour of its youthful mistress.

"Look, just look at the copse!" she exclaimed, raising her hands with delight; "the branches of the trees look like so many sprays of white coral studded with diamonds. We will go down those steps, and take the right hand of the stream; or stay, we can pass under the fall now, there is a kind of natural cavern quite through; I did it once in the summer, and made Norville so angry when he saw me re-appear dripping like a sea-nymph."

"So I should suppose; Lina, when will you cease to be a child?" said Miss Bradshawe thoughtfully, as she allowed herself to be led into a narrow winding passage perforated through the solid rock, and which, though dry enough then, had a peculiarly heavy earthy smell, bringing back that strange foreboding sensation against which she had for a time so ineffectually struggled. It seemed a similar feeling had by some mysterious sympathy communicated itself to Lady Norville; for twining her arm once more in that of Josephine, they silently continued their walk, until suddenly stopping, she exclaimed,

"How provoking! they have taken the other bank, and we are half a mile from the bridge."

"They will cross if you make a sign," answered Miss Bradshawe, "the ice is quite firm; but they are at some distance yet, and do not see us."

"No, I tell you what we'll do," said Lina; "we can go over to them. I think I see Norville's surprise when he raises his eyes and beholds *me* in such a situation; he laughed at me this morning, and it will serve him right to give him a fright in his turn."

As the stream was narrow, and appeared to be thoroughly frozen over, Josephine, who saw no cause for apprehending any worse consequence than an occasional fall, could not find in her heart to disappoint her pretty companion, who, completely the slave of impulse, abandoned herself with childish glee to the novelty of the adventure. They had safely accomplished more than half their journey before either of the gentlemen were aware of their proximity. The silvery laugh of Lina, which was its first announcement, had never before produced such an effect on her husband; dropping his companion's arm, he flew to the margin of the stream, wildly tossing his hands to and fro, as though to bar farther approach, shouting as he did so in a frenzied tone, "Lina! Josephine! go

back for God's sake—or stay where you are, until I reach you ; did you not see the warning ? the ice is rotten !”

Paralysed by fear, the two girls stood immovable ; the Countess trembling so violently, as to increase a pressure already too much for the frail substance beneath them. Not daring to stir a foot, they watched with starting eyes the movements of Lord Norville, who, running down the bank, sprang over the treacherous support, which his feet hardly seemed to touch, endeavouring by a circuitous route to reach the spot where they were. He was already within a short distance, when a loud prolonged crack was heard ; and as, with a desperate effort, he succeeded in grasping his wife's arm, and dragging her towards the solid block on which he himself was, a gaping fissure yawned where they had stood, and with a deep unearthly cry of agony Josephine Bradshawe sank slowly, steadily down. In less time than it takes me to write, and before the first echo of her uncle's cries for the assistance he was unable to render had died away, the senseless Lady Norville was laid at the root of a neighbouring oak ; whilst her husband, assisted by the foresters and others who had hurried to the spot, were working away with hatchets, removing huge masses of ice with a rapidity almost incredible. Their efforts were speedily crowned with success ; and as Lord Lindore gazed on the pallid countenance and motionless form of his niece, the agony he had felt at the deathbed of his Angela seemed as nothing compared with that which now rent his heart.

“ Thank heaven ! she bleeds ; there is hope yet, my lord,” said the keeper, pointing as he spoke to a cut across the brow, from which the red stream slowly trickled. A litter was hastily constructed of the branches of trees, and the now-recovered Lina would have divested herself of mantle, furs, every article of wearing apparel she could spare, had it not been suggested that such a proceeding would have been injurious to the sufferer.

On their arrival at the castle, messengers were despatched to the nearest town for the best medical assistance it afforded ; whilst Lord Lindore's valet proceeded by rail to London, to summon not only Dr. Sumners, but Mrs. Selby, in the hope that Josephine would at least survive till their arrival. Too ill herself to be of any use, the Countess was conveyed to bed ; and Mrs. Cochrane, finding herself for the first time in undisputed possession of the infant Lord Wellborne, betook herself to the nursery, and lost no time in making up for the past by the administration of certain nostrums and recipes, which had the effect of insuring a sleepless and somewhat musical night

both for herself and "the sweet young nobleman," as she was wont to style him. Compelled to act and think for herself, Kate was equally active in sending for a priest; and then, stationing herself by Josephine's couch, determined, come what might, not to quit her for a moment.

It was the third evening after the accident, which had nearly proved fatal to more than one, and the last of the old year. Josephine lay on the same bed to which she had been borne by the confused and terrified attendants. It was not the room she usually occupied, but one of the state-apartments of the castle, with its stained-glass windows, quaint old portraits, and all those paraphernalia of life's vanity which jar so strangely with its last fleeting moments.

The fever which had succeeded her first insensibility had passed away, the deep wound in her forehead was in a fair way to heal; yet it was obvious to all that the spirit panted and struggled to be free, and that the efforts of the frail body to retain it became hourly, momentarily weaker. It was long before his colleagues could prevail on Dr. Sumners to entertain this opinion; and as he paced up and down the room, his hands never removed from behind his back except when occupied in administering to himself enormous doses of snuff, he was tempted to disregard the evidence of his own senses, which whispered, as plainly as such obstinate senses could whisper, that Josephine would die.

Lady Norville flitted to and fro, weeping, and accusing her folly as the cause of these misfortunes; and but for her boy, half wishing she, not Josephine, had been the victim. She would now approach her husband with tones of fond endearment—now whisper a few cheering words to Kate—now endeavour to reason with Mrs. Selby, who, after every one had done their best to explain how the accident had occurred, "couldn't and didn't understand it at all; and what was more, never would. It was so out of nature that Josephine should get herself killed just as she was going to be a nun; and unless people were drowned at once, it wasn't usual for them to die afterwards; besides, if Josephine died, *how could she be a nun?*" and so on, backwards and forwards, until at length it struck the Countess that Mrs. Selby's tongue would be Mrs. Selby's best consolation. Dr. Sumners was a great deal too formidable for Lina to meddle with; and Lord Lindore!—she eyed him as he sat, his face buried in one hand, with an earnest, childlike sympathy, not unmixed with awe. She drew near him softly, bent over the back of his chair, then growing bolder, knelt by his side, and gently touched the hand which hung listlessly down. He looked up, gazed at her, first ab-



stractedly as at a stranger, then sternly ; and she knew he remembered all. At length his brow unbent, his look softened, caressingly he smoothed her glossy hair, murmuring, " Poor child ! Poor child !" and put her softly from him. Lina dared no more. There was something in the grief of that grey-haired man too sacred for her to disturb ; noiselessly she stole back, and glided into her accustomed seat by the pillow of Josephine. She slept, and all was hushed ; so still was the room, you might have marked each of her uncertain respirations. The rays of that cloudless moon streamed through the painted window, chequering the oaken floor with such bright and varied hues as threw into shade the carefully-screened lamps which burnt at the lower extremity of the chamber. Now a portion of that pure and holy light fell on the old carved bed, rendering still paler the pale face of the dying girl, investing that composed and motionless form with a nameless charm. Never had that countenance appeared so serene and peaceful as now, with that beam hovering round it like a glory ; and though all present felt the silence to be painful in the extreme, none would be the first to break it. At length Josephine herself was the one to do so. Awakening from her doze, a few scarce-intelligible words brought her uncle to her side ; and as she with difficulty besought his forgiveness for all the uneasiness which she had occasioned him, the proud man bowed his head and sobbed aloud. Feebly pressing his hand, she retained it in her grasp and slept again ; whilst Lina and Kate, on bended knees, besought the sweet Virgin to smooth the passage of one who had so loved and trusted in her during life. The last sacraments had been administered not many hours before ; the good priest, being obliged to attend a distant sick-call, had departed with a promise to return the moment his duties in the confessional should terminate. The hours wore swiftly on as usual, though to those anxious watchers every moment appeared an age, and Josephine woke again ; but this time she did but utter the names of her Divine Redeemer and His blessed Mother. And then came another deeper slumber, and the breath was heavy, as though it issued forth and could not return. The dry and burning hand Lord Lindore yet retained became soft and moist as that of a little child ; it grew chiller and more chill in his grasp, the blue eyes opened, were fixed steadfastly on his face, and all gathered round ; for they knew the great change was at hand, and that the soul was about to stand before its God.

Yet the spirit still lingered, when, hark ! borne on the wings of the calm still night, was heard the merry peal of the village-bells ringing out the departing year and greeting its

successor. Joyously, blithely do they sound, yet mockingly; for in that death-chamber they jar strangely on the ear, strained to intensity in its agony of suspense. Still they ring blithely, merrily on, when lo! on the clear frosty air come, solemn and slow, those deep heavy sounds—the knell of the old year! 'Tis midnight, and then the bells ring forth again more joyously than before to usher in the birth of its infant heir. Presently they cease, and there is heard in the chamber of the dead the low deep voice of God's priest reciting the prayers for a departed soul. None could tell the exact moment, but all were conscious that during that merry joyous peal which told of the departure of the old year, the life of Josephine Bradshawe had also ebbed away. Not one that was present refused to bend the knee or to join in that last touching service; and when it was ended, Lord Lindore alone exclaimed, "I grudged her to her God; I opposed myself to His will; He has taken her to Himself, and in His own way."

They have silently dispersed; a short hour's bustle and confusion; they have decked her with fair flowers; another brief space, and Kate Gearey kneels alone in that lighted room, telling her beads by the inanimate form of her best, her only friend.

#### CHAPTER XVII. *The Conclusion.*

BEFORE I throw aside my pen, a few words concerning the fate of the principal actors in this drama of real life may not be altogether unacceptable. Besides, I am told it is not quite the thing to drop so unceremoniously the acquaintance of people who, it is to be presumed, have by this time created some degree of interest in the breasts of my readers. This chapter of my tale, then, like one of the old comedies, will merely contain the last speech and parting bow of those who have figured therein.

The death of Josephine was of course deeply and sincerely regretted by her own immediate circle. The double bereavement of Lord Lindore, and his permitting his niece to be interred in a Catholic cemetery, caused much speculation both amongst his private friends and his political party; indeed, by the latter it was currently reported he would shortly swell the ranks of Popery, and many were the results prophetically anticipated from this great apostacy. It never took place, however, and he is still as earnest in the cause of ragged-schools and proselytising as ever; he is just as much with his friend Mr. Melford as before; and as the latter is now in Parliament, it is supposed some very stringent measures will soon be

brought forward for the complete suppression of religious houses, the evils of which they intend pointing out in a manner calculated to render themselves excessively ridiculous.

Lord Norville is less with his old friend than before; *he* has been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church; whilst his beautiful Lina, happy as a wife and mother, extends her protection to Kate Gearey in so pointed a manner as to arouse the ire of Mrs. Cochrane. Both the dignity and *principle* of this latter personage leading her to regard "such bare-faced favouritism" as a dangerous precedent, not on any account to be tolerated, she, on the birth of the infant Lady Josephine, tendered her resignation, to the great relief of Kate and the undisguised joy of the Countess.

Mary Pratt passed her two years' probation in a manner highly beneficial to herself and gratifying to her kind benefactresses. On its expiration, Lady Norville offered to find her a situation in her own establishment; but not even the prospect of passing her life with her darling Kate could conquer her repugnance to a world which had already proved so fatal to her peace. Miss Bradshawe's death had been to her a severe blow; and conscious of her own too-yielding disposition, she solicited from the good nuns permission to consecrate herself for three years longer; and although prevented by the rules of the order from ever becoming a religious, it is her intention not to quit the protection of the roof to which she is so deeply indebted. Florry Daly and the Burkes are conducting themselves so well, that it is expected their term of punishment will be commuted; and should this expectation be realised, they intend emigrating, with the hopes of retrieving their characters in the New World. Pratt is dead; and Nell Sullivan, whose sentence was lighter than that of her male companions, may be seen again lounging about the Buildings, shunned by the more respectable portion of its inhabitants. Our favourite, Pat Sheehan, has taken the pledge, and, what is more, has kept it too; he attributes his reformation "intirely to the missionaries." And as he is in constant work, Mary has now a room of her own, and, better still, a beautiful infant of her own; there is a nurse-child too in the cradle; whilst the little girl her husband rescued from the brutality of her tormentor and the impending workhouse, is, Mary says, "quite a treasure to her." Moll Carty, whose "possession" became at length the talk and terror of the Buildings, and a lesson to all who were in the habit of having their fortunes told, has left off "doing business," returned to her *duty*, and succeeded to poor old Norry's "pitch;" but not finding this answer, she removed it after a time to a less aristocratic but more lucra-



tive locality, where she has no objection to give her former experience for the benefit of such as may yet have a hankering inclination to dive into the future. Biddy Sarchfield is dead. Blind Murphy and his grandson lead the same harmless innocent life as ever. Jim Casey is still an inmate of the "House," though sufficiently recovered to come out every Sunday and alternate Tuesdays, when he dines with the Sheehans, talks over old times, and relates how every week he finds at the porter's lodge a packet containing an ample allowance of "tay, sugar, snuff, an a thrifle to keep his pocket, derected to himsilf in Kattie's own hand, as a mark of rispict to Norry, av coorse;" he wears a black crape round his hat for Miss Bradshawe, which he never intends leaving off, and prays for her soul regularly twice a day, and "oftener times on holidays."

It was on an intensely cold night, not long after the death of Josephine, that Sheehan, having occasion to cross one of the bridges on his way home from work, observed a figure crouching in the corner of a stone bench under one of the alcoves; it was that of a woman, though so huddled together, it might at first sight have been mistaken for a heap of rags; the bonnet was slouched over her face, and the long black hair, damp and disordered, strayed like elf-locks over her bosom and shoulders. Pat, always good-natured, forgetting Mary's injunction "to keep himself to himself," approached, and raising her head, discovered that the poor creature had indeed fallen a victim to the inclemency of the weather, or to hunger, or to both. She was conveyed on a stretcher to the nearest hospital, where one of her hands was found to be so tightly compressed, as to require some force to unclasp the fingers; when this was accomplished, there rolled from it a hard mouldy crust, which she had retained tenaciously even in death. A verdict was returned accordingly, and one of the helpers recognised the body as that of the once beautiful Martha Warden.

For the Buildings themselves, their doom is fixed; perhaps even before these lines meet the public eye, they will have ceased to be; the leases have almost expired, and in the present age of improvement there is little doubt of their being razed to the ground. Oh, that the very spot now a perfect pest-house, not from the fault of its inhabitants, but of those authorities whose office it is to see that the abodes of their fellow-creatures are properly drained, ventilated, cleansed, and lighted;—oh, that the very spot could be the site of those model lodging-houses, the plan of which at present occupies the minds of a few philanthropic individuals, though their endeavours are as yet shackled for want of funds and encourage-

ment! And if this tale, in which *truth has been softened, not exaggerated*, should induce even *one* to lend a helping hand towards this noble, this most useful scheme, not only for physical comfort, but moral improvement, I shall be amply compensated for all the difficulties of my task.

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### Reviews.

#### THE PENAL LAWS UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.

*The Clifton Tracts.* Nos. 40 and 47. *Popish Persecution; or a Sketch of the Penal Laws.* Burns and Lambert.

It is now nearly two years since the Clifton Tracts were begun, and during this period there have been issued about fifty numbers. They embrace a great variety of subjects; and being written by many different authors, are, of course, of unequal merit. Some of them require a degree of intelligence and information for their just appreciation which, we fear, is not always to be found in the class for whose benefit they would seem to have been written; others, on the contrary, are characterised by an extreme simplicity, which, however, nowhere degenerates into weakness. The former remark applies in a more especial manner to some of the *doctrinal* series, and the latter to the *historical*. In particular, the two tracts whose titles we have placed at the head of this article are written in a very clear style and simple language, "adapted to the meanest capacity," and cannot fail, we think, to open the eyes of all who read them to the true character of that change of religion in this country which they have been used to boast of as "the glorious Reformation." The following introductory remarks indicate with great clearness and precision the point of view from which the writer desires his readers to approach the subject, and the one main feature in the case which it is intended to insist upon and to bring prominently into notice:

"You know that all England was once Catholic, and that now (speaking generally) it is Protestant; but you have no clear idea of the means by which this result has been brought about. You have been told, perhaps, that all England was Catholic until God raised up certain good and holy men to reform the Church, and to preach those simple truths of the Gospel which had for ages been forgotten and lost; and that when once this pure light of the Gospel

was set before them, men were so captivated by its beauty, that they gladly forsook the false and corrupt doctrines in which they had been brought up, and became Protestants, excepting only a few bigoted priests who wished still to keep the people in ignorance, but whose success was very limited by reason of the badness of their cause. Something of this kind is the popular idea, I think, of the religious history of this country since the Reformation, more especially in those parts of England where Catholics are but few and but little known. It is, however, so extremely false, that I am anxious to do my best to correct it; and for this purpose I wish to lay before you some plain matters of fact which nobody can deny, and from which you will soon learn that what really destroyed the Catholic religion in this country, as far as it ever *has* been destroyed,—that is, what caused it to be abandoned by so many at first, and what has prevented so many from embracing it ever since,—has been neither more nor less than mere persecution. Yes; strange as it may sound to you, if you now hear it for the first time, Protestantism became the established religion of this country, not because men were drawn towards it by the force of its own truth and beauty, and by the quiet workings of God's grace within their souls, but because men were driven into it through fear of the axe and the halter, the rack and the ripping-knife. This is the plain truth of the matter, as I hope presently to make clear to you by a short sketch of the principal laws which concern this subject; but as I wish to make this sketch as short as I can, I hope those of my readers who have the opportunity will not omit to search out the history more fully for themselves; for I am persuaded that the more they do so, the more thoroughly they will recognise the truth and justice of what has now been said."

Then follows a very condensed but by no means dull summary of all the principal penal laws that have been passed against Catholics from the time of Henry VIII. downwards, arranged chronologically; and the writer concludes with the following very obvious but most suggestive remarks upon the history he has narrated:

"It is right that men who have been brought up from their infancy to believe that the Reformation was a noble and glorious event—the spontaneous up-rising of a people unwilling any longer to be the slaves of darkness and error,—that Protestantism was gladly and joyfully embraced by the people of England as the pure religion of the gospel, and that the liberties which they now enjoy as men and citizens have been the natural and necessary growth of that Protestantism;—it is right, I say, that persons who have been taught to believe all this, should consider well the facts that are contained in these few pages, and see what are the conclusions to which they lead. The nation abandoned its ancient faith and proposed to embrace 'another gospel;' is it therefore *quite* certain that they had discovered the ancient faith to be false? had the new gospel nothing



to recommend it besides itself? Or look again on the other side of the picture; you have read in these pages of a number of penal laws, some of them of the most extreme severity, and *all* vexatious and harassing to a very considerable degree, which were passed by the Parliament of this country, and faithfully put into execution by the magistrates and courts of justice—with what intent? to destroy Popery in England. *Have they succeeded?* Is not the Catholic faith gaining ground every day, not only among the poor and ignorant, but also among the very flower of England's intelligence and goodness? Could a merely human faith have survived three centuries of persecution such as I have been describing to you? If the Catholic Church be in very truth the thing you take her to be, a monstrous compound of error and of crime, is it not strange that she should have 'to be killed so often, and the life so often to be trodden out of her, . . . and such persecuting Acts to be passed in Parliament, in order thoroughly, and once for all, and for the very last time, and for ever and ever, to annihilate her once more?' Is not this, I say, a most strange phenomenon? and how shall we account for it? 'One in the council rising up, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, respected by all the people, said, Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves what you intend to do as touching these men,' (he is speaking of the blessed apostles Peter and John); . . . 'I say to you, refrain from them and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, you cannot overthrow it'" (Acts v. 34-8).

On the whole, we do not hesitate to class these two tracts, simple and unpretending as they are, among the most practically useful that have yet been published; taken in conjunction with the first two of the whole series, *How England became Catholic* and *How England became Protestant*, they seem to us to supersede the necessity of using a work which is most effective indeed, and which Catholics have hitherto been in the habit of using very freely, but which they could never thoroughly approve,—we mean Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*. It would be difficult, indeed, to rival the nervous energy of that most powerful writer; and not even the coarseness by which his pages are sometimes sullied has materially diminished the popularity and usefulness of his works. For ourselves, however, we have always sympathised with those Catholics who have scrupled to make use of them and to recommend their indiscriminate perusal, because of their essentially destructive character; they are admirable instruments for the use of the Anti-Church-and-State Association, whose only object is to pull down and to destroy, but they are far from being satisfactory to a Catholic, who aims rather at building up and improving. We have heard of many persons among the lower orders who, after having studied Cobbett, were

never again to be seen occupying their former seats in the parish church, but were not at all the more inclined on that account to go and kneel in a Catholic chapel. And this is precisely the result which we should have expected from such books. The historical information which they contain naturally produces a feeling of dissatisfaction and disgust against the Establishment, which by such iniquitous means has usurped the place and the property of the ancient Church; but there is nothing in the moral tone that pervades them that would induce a healthier state of feeling with regard to the doctrines or practices of the Catholic Church. The very fact that they are written by a Protestant, and by one who professes to boast of his Protestantism, prevents their having any such beneficial effect. They are eminently *unsettling* books, therefore, and nothing more. It is far otherwise with the tracts before us. They tell the same historical truths, but at the same time there is an under-current of moral and religious persuasiveness about them which is calculated to produce the happiest results. They stimulate inquiry and suggest doubts on the one hand, and insinuate a Catholic solution of those doubts on the other.

We hope this sketch of the penal laws may hereafter be copiously illustrated by actual examples of their use and manner of operation, not only of the more violent and bloodthirsty amongst them, but also of others seemingly less cruel; for this is a branch of Catholic history which has not yet been explored with that zeal and attention which it deserves, and it certainly would furnish most abundant matter for a very useful and entertaining volume. Those who sealed their confession of faith with their blood have found a worthy biographer in Dr. Challoner; and we owe to that prelate a great debt of gratitude for his painstaking researches in compiling the well-known *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*. The great mass of the Catholic community, however, did not suffer martyrdom, and yet their more homely sufferings should not be allowed to fall into oblivion. At present many an interesting tale of heroism and devotion belonging to bygone days of "Popish persecution" lies buried in the ms. memoirs of private families, or locked up in the uncouth idiom, or really foreign language, of some contemporary annalist. One such story we are tempted to give by way of specimen, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the work of the Reformation was being most thoroughly consolidated, when the priests and others who remained faithful to the ancient Church were inhumanly butchered in the largest numbers, and the whole Catholic community in this country reduced to that position



of political degradation and obscurity which, with a few partial exceptions, it has occupied ever since down to the present generation. Our readers will observe, that besides its own intrinsic interest, this story is valuable also for the contradiction which it gives to the usual Protestant plea, that all the persecuting enactments against Catholics were directed not against their religion, but their politics; that it was their disloyalty, and not their faith, which was punished. In the present instance the victims were such as could not be guilty of a political crime, being four boys, between the ages of ten and sixteen. Our account is taken from Bridgewater's *History of the Persecution*, confirmed in many points by the testimony of Protestant authorities.

In the year 1584 the persecution was raging furiously throughout the whole kingdom. In Lancashire, the Earl of Derby had received instructions from the Government to search for priests in all suspected places, and to apprehend those who harboured or countenanced them, or who practised the Catholic religion. Worthless characters made a gain by acting as spies upon the Catholics, and giving information against them. From one of these fellows the sheriff had information that Thomas Worthington, a priest, with four sons of his brother, named Thomas, Robert, Richard, and John, were staying in the house of a gentleman named Sankey, near Warrington, and that they might all be taken if search were made immediately. The under-sheriff started for this service with twenty horse, and at three o'clock on the morning of February 12, 1584, they arrived at Mr. Sankey's house. Having effected an entrance, they found these four boys as they expected, together with a young kinsman of theirs named George Hathersall, and William Crumelholm; but to their great disappointment, although they searched every corner of the house, they were unable to find the priest. Feeling confident, however, that their information was trustworthy, and that Father Worthington must certainly be concealed somewhere in the neighbourhood, they proceeded to the house of Mr. Howard Hewson, situated about two miles off; but there also their search was unsuccessful. Next they searched all the inns in the town, as well as all the private houses of which they had any suspicion; and all this while they kept strict watch upon the bridge and along the banks of the river Mersey, which with its various branches nearly surrounds the town. This guard was continued for two or three days, but to no purpose; yet Father Worthington was really in Warrington the whole time, in the house of a Catholic gentleman who



was ill, and whom he had therefore gone to visit the day before without any apprehension of danger.

The under-sheriff and his companions used their utmost endeavours, by threats of flogging and other means, to extort information from their young prisoners, not only as to the whereabouts of their father and uncle, but also as to the places where they had heard Mass, any intention there might be of sending them to foreign seminaries, and the like; but the boys proved to be quite impracticable; so they took them off first to Wigan, and then to Prescott, to be examined before the Earl of Derby, Chaderton Bishop of Chester, and the other commissioners. The youngest boy was not yet eleven years old; and the commissioners, naturally thinking that his would be the easiest will to conquer, determined to begin with him. Having kept him without food the whole day till six o'clock in the evening, they then plied him with quantities of liquor for some time before he was brought up for examination. When the boy was brought before Lord Derby, he stated what had been done to him, and complained bitterly of such cruel treatment. "And indeed, I believe," said he, "their will was to make me lose my head with drink; but, by God's blessing, my wits are not gone, though I am in such pain that I fear I cannot behave myself as would become me in your honourable presence." The bench paid no attention to the complaint, but began at once to ask him numerous questions about his father and his uncle the priest; to all of which the boy only answered, that he was in such great pain that he could hardly stand. The truth of this plea was soon put beyond all question, for he was seized with violent vomiting; and the shame of this accident betraying the cruelty to which he had been subjected, the heads of the commission professed to be extremely angry, and threw the blame on their attendants, though there is little doubt but that if some of themselves had not instigated it at first, or at least if the subordinate officers had not had reason to feel well assured of the approbation of their superiors when the deed was done, such wickedness would not have been attempted at all. Next they called in the eldest brother, who was a little more than sixteen years old; and him the Earl of Derby tried, partly by threats, but more by fair promises of good fortune for himself and his brothers, to persuade to go to the Protestant church and hear a sermon, adding that he was by no means bound to believe the sermon, but merely to be present, in order to move his brothers by example. If he would comply with this modest and reasonable request, the Earl promised to take him into his own house as one of the young gentlemen

attending on his person, which would be an admirable opening for his own advancement, and a means also of providing for his brothers. In estimating the force of this temptation, it should be remembered that the Earl of Derby, from the dignity of his family, his great wealth, his station and popularity in the county, was at that time one of the most powerful noblemen in the kingdom. However, neither these fine promises nor the threats of punishment had any effect in shaking the youth's firmness. Then Chaderton, the pretended Bishop of Chester, after having first used in vain some show of gentleness, began to charge the boy with considerable severity, on his obedience to the Queen, to answer on oath the questions that might be put to him. To this the boy modestly replied, that he did not fully understand what the oath was, nor what was required for the proper discharge of that duty. "But if you are going to speak the truth," said Chaderton, "you will be safe in swearing." "Whatever I say," replied Worthington, "shall be nothing but the truth; but I have a scruple in declaring what may betray myself and my friends, and I pray you not to take it ill, for my mind is set not to bind myself with an oath in these matters." Chaderton said, mockingly, "Well, I suppose you would swear to a thing that would hurt nobody, as, for instance, that this in my hand is a kerchief." "Nay, forsooth," said the youth, "when there is no just cause, I will not take it on myself." And here the commissioners made sport of the word "forsooth" that he had used, saying it was a mark of a Papist, and that Papists were mostly Anabaptists, for thinking they might not swear upon any cause whatever. Thus their attempts to shake the faith and the firmness of the eldest of these youths were quite as unsuccessful as those which they had made upon the youngest; and the same failure attended their attempts on the others. Many Catholics who were to answer before the magistrates for their religion were encouraged to imitate this remarkable example of courage and prudence; and many of the Protestants also who witnessed it were not a little astonished, so that the magistrates repented of having examined the boys in public, and determined to send them all away. William Crumelholm was sent to the Tower of London; George Hathersall to the New Fleet in Manchester, from whence, however, he was delivered before long, and found means of getting away to the seminary at Rheims; and the four Worthingtons (with whom alone the rest of our story is concerned) to Manchester also, not to the public prisons, where other Catholics were,—for fear, as the magistrates thought, that they would only be confirmed in their profession of Popery,—but to another (and, as it would

seem, a private) house. Here they were treated very kindly during the first month, only being continually assailed with persuasions to frequent the Protestant places of worship. When it was found that they would yield neither to promises nor threats, the comforts that had been allowed them were withdrawn, and they were treated more and more harshly every day. A justice of the peace, named Asheton, a very zealous Protestant, who thought it would never do to let these "young shoots of Popery" grow up, tried his best, both by argument and authority, but could make no impression. Next came four "ministers of the Gospel," and these tried what could be done by ordering them in the Queen's name to go to church. But the boys only answered, that they would obey the Queen in civil affairs, but that she had no right of command in matters of faith and religion. This answer was declared to be neither more nor less than high treason, and a threat was held out that they should be brought up on this charge at the next assizes; a threat which, though the boys fully believed it to be made in earnest, yet had no visible effect in shaking their constancy.

While Bishop Chaderton's anger was rising higher and higher at finding himself thus set at defiance by mere boys, a man named Bull, who is described as being himself "of a hard and brutal temper," offered his services, undertaking with great confidence that he would bring the boys in a very few days to obey the Queen's commands. The Bishop accepted the offer, saying, "Thou art in the right, good Bull; thou shalt try how far thou canst prevail; and spare them not, save they shew themselves conformable." Early the next morning this fellow entered the lads' sleeping-chamber with four or five long sticks in his hand, and addressing the eldest, said, "Now, Thomas, what sayest thou? Wilt thou come to our churches and prayers, or no?" "Yesterday," the boy answered, "I gave answer enough on this score." "But I am looking," said Bull, "for another answer from thee now, more suitable for our purpose." On which, having dragged the lad out of bed upon the floor, he gave him about twenty strokes on his back, crying out every now and then, "I'll make thee give thy brothers a good example." But the poor boy steadily persevered in his reply, that he could on no account be induced to "join in their prayers or meetings." Bull then turned to the rest, and bade them "make ready for the rod." They only repeated their brother's declaration, that they would never join in the Protestants' common prayers; whereupon Bull, thinking it useless to do any more at present, declared his intention of returning at some future time, and went away,



taking the two younger boys along with him. These were brought before several magistrates, one after the other; and at last the youngest was taken by the Bishop to his own house, and the other was given in charge to a Dutch Puritan who applied for him. Bull kept his promise of coming again some night to the two elder boys; but this time he does not seem to have used any violence, but only told them, that unless they would come to the Protestant church, they should be taken to school in irons the next morning. Accordingly next day their keeper came with the irons in his hand; and whilst he was pretending to put them on, said, "How much better it would be for you to come to our church, and not bring this disgrace upon yourselves and your friends!" "We are quite ready," replied the little heroes, "to wear the irons, and think it no disgrace at all." The irons were not put on, but they were made to go to a Protestant school. Here the master, by the Bishop's orders, required them to learn the new Church Catechism; but they refused to have anything to do with a book treating of religion. While they frequented this school, they were subject to many annoyances from the other boys, most of whom took great delight in mocking and jeering at them; but it is said that some few amongst them began to be well disposed towards the faith, in consequence both of their good example and of their ability in controversy. Indeed, their wisdom was far beyond their years; for their answers were such as not only to satisfy the Protestant controversialists of their own age among their schoolfellows, but even to perplex and confound one Oliver Cartwright, a Protestant preacher, who attempted to convince them by what he considered his own most learned and unanswerable reply to Dr. Bristow.

John, the youngest brother, was very kindly treated in the Bishop's palace, receiving even greater favour than the other young gentlemen of the household. He sat at the Bishop's table, was often called on to sing or play on some instrument of music for the entertainment of the Bishop and his guests, and scarcely any thing that he asked for was denied him. He was a bold young gentleman, however; and the pertness of his answers soon got him into trouble, and finally caused his removal from the Bishop's house. One day, early in Lent, Chaderton tried to persuade him to eat meat, saying, "How now, John! wherefore refuse good and wholesome meat? What scruple of conscience hast thou for keeping this abstinence, when thou knowest nothing about the matter? Seest thou not me eating flesh?" "Yea, yea," said John, "whatever the dish may be, *you* eat it forthwith." At which answer the Bishop was so angry, that he sent the boy to dine at the

servants' table ever afterwards. On another occasion, when the Bishop was confined to his bed from illness, and his wife was reading to him out of Fox's Book of Martyrs, she turned to John and began to talk to him of the great cruelty that had been practised on these Protestant martyrs. John replied, "If at any time hereafter a Catholic prince were to get the crown of this kingdom, it would fare no better with my Lord Bishop here, for he would certainly be burnt for heresy." "By no means," called out the Bishop, overhearing the conversation; "for we would not be so refractory and obstinate against a Popish king, if such an one there should be, as the Papists are now. We would obey his laws like good subjects." "But yet," said the boy, "this wouldn't save you; for, whether you seemed to be converted or not, there *is* a fire where you would be destroyed by and by." Four days afterwards the boy was sent to Manchester, and placed in the same custody with his eldest brother.

Orders were now sent from the commissioners, that if the boys would not *go* to church, they should be taken there by force. When, therefore, the youths found that they were on the point of being dragged there, they chose rather to walk of their own accord. This was immediately announced as a token of their conversion, that is, of their apostacy; and the boys were greatly distressed at it, and took the first opportunity of practically contradicting the report. As the Bishop was on the point of leaving for Chester, the eldest brother made this an excuse for getting an audience of him, in which he put a written paper into his hands, making a complaint, in his own name and that of his brothers, of the scandalous report about them, and declaring their determination never to enter a Protestant church again, unless they were carried there by force; and that they were ready to be sent to prison, or to be punished in the House of Correction, or to undergo any other sentence whatever, but that to the religion of Protestants, either by word or deed or by any other outward sign or ceremony, they never would, by God's help, give assent. The Bishop had at first received the boy with kindness, thinking he was come to ask for his liberty; he even gave him some trifle of money; but as soon as he had read the paper, his tone was altogether changed. In a storm of wrath, he demanded that the present he had made should be given back to him, and declared that they should not go to the House of Correction, for there were Matthew Travers and other Papists, whose conversation would only make them worse. "However," said he, "I will see to having you chastised; and if we live, I will bring it to pass that you follow our Church practices." With these words he

took his leave, giving strict injunctions that the boys should be kept in closer confinement than before.

Several friends of Mr. Worthington, who had interfered in order, if possible, to obtain his children's liberty, prevailed on the sheriff to promise that if sureties could be found, two for each of them, to bind themselves that they should not be sent into foreign parts, they should be restored to their father's house. The eight sureties were found; but as they were men who conformed to the times by frequenting the Protestant churches, they were induced by the sheriff and the commissioners to try and persuade the boys to follow their example. They could not succeed, however, though they did not hesitate to use the most unblushing falsehood to compass their end, viz. by assuring the boys that such was their parents' wish. At last the sheriff said, "Look now; if you will hear but one sermon, I will give you up to your friends and sureties to take you home." "None of your sermons will we attend," was the reply; "for had we but done so much, we might long ago have had liberty to go home without any sureties at all." Thus they still remained in custody; and as there seemed no likelihood that they would be legally set at liberty, and thus rescued from all danger of perversion either in faith or morals, and as their education was being all this while most seriously interrupted (for though they attended Protestant schools, they refused to learn but little, for fear of imbibing heresy), means were found by some of their Catholic friends by which Thomas and John, the eldest and youngest, made their escape. This escape was a great vexation to Bishop Chaderton, and he made a complaint of it to the Earl of Derby on their meeting at Manchester. Robert, the second brother, was summoned and examined about his brothers' escape, and was told that they would certainly be apprehended again, and treated with greater severity; moreover, that his father was in danger of the confiscation of all his property. At the same time they made the boy great promises, if he would hear only one sermon. To this address he replied by saying that his brothers had not been in his custody, nor even confined in the same place with him, but that for himself he was quite ready to suffer any thing they pleased rather than deny the faith. At last the Earl and the Bishop agreed that the boy should be sent to Chester Castle, whence they thought he could not possibly escape, and where he could not have any communication with other Catholics. This decision was made on the feast of the Holy Trinity, and it was determined that the boy should be sent to the gaol on the Tuesday; but afterwards they put it off to Thursday, which was the feast of Corpus Christi. As soon as



this was known, two of his friends formed a plan for rescuing him. One of them rode to Manchester with his servant, and waited there in an inn, intending to overtake the boy after he had left the town. The other rode with his servant to the village of Great Budworth, about half-way between Manchester and Chester, and spent the night there, with the intention of meeting the boy in the morning and discovering the force of his escort. Accordingly, this gentleman and his attendant meet the boy in charge of one man only, and both on foot; and they begin to talk in travellers' style, asking the guard whose son the boy was, where he was to be taken to, and what would be done with him, &c. &c. Meanwhile the confederate heaves in sight, coming up on the road from Manchester, but keeping at a distance; when he sees how easy the enterprise promises to be, he dismisses his servant, and quickening his pace, comes up with the boy and his keeper, and falls into conversation with them in the same way as his companion had done. At last he asks the boy if he was not tired with the journey, and gets leave of the guard to let him mount behind him on his horse; they then go on for another mile or two, and stop together to refresh themselves at a tavern by the roadside. When they resumed their journey, the guard was very well pleased that the boy should mount again, and himself helped him to his seat. At first they went on slowly; but when, at last, they had got a little ahead of the guard, the rider suddenly puts spurs to his horse and gallops off, calling out, "Farewell, good fellow; I will relieve thee of this charge; and tell thy lord we are gone on the road to London." The guard instantly sets off in pursuit as fast as he can; and so does the other confederate, who had managed to drop some way behind before the rescue was attempted, and now gallops off as if he was going to stop them, the guard not suspecting that there was any acquaintance or collusion between them. Having kept up the semblance of pursuit till he thought the boy out of danger, he checked his horse; and when the guard came running up quite out of breath, he bade him have patience, and not to harm himself by over-running, for that it would be of no use, on which the man thought it best to give up the chase.

Not long after, the three boys who had thus made their escape arrived at the seat of the Maxfields in Staffordshire, a family already illustrious for their constancy in the faith. Here they passed the night; but they seem to have been observed by some of the watchmen in the neighbourhood: for as soon as it was light in the morning the house was entered by the constable and watch, who immediately appre-

hended the three boys and their father, and made search for the uncle also, whom they believed to be there, Thomas Worthington the priest. He was in the house for upwards of an hour after the entrance of the officers, but contrived to get away whilst his brother was holding them in talk. As they did not find the priest they were specially anxious to seize, they made less difficulty about letting the others go; being, moreover, much moved to do this by the entreaties of the lady of the house, who was a person of distinguished rank and character. The next night the three boys and their father met Father Worthington again at a place in the next county; after which the latter proceeded with his nephews to London, and Richard Worthington, the father, returned home. On the way to London, the travellers fell in again with the false brother who had betrayed them before; but as he was believed to be a Catholic, and they had no suspicion of his real character, they were not sorry to have his company, and even helped him on his journey when he was in want of money. This wretched spy pretended to be going abroad to study for holy orders, and even dared to approach the Sacraments during the journey. But as soon as they had arrived at an inn in Islington, he found an opportunity to empty the boys' purses, and then gave information about them to the notorious Topcliffe and to Fleetwood the recorder. Early the next morning, which was Sunday, before they were out of bed, Topcliffe arrested the priest and his eldest nephew; Thomas Brown also, another priest, who was with him; and Humphrey Maxfield, a student of theology. The two younger Worthingtons, as well as two other Catholic youths, made their escape, in spite of the special search that was made for them. Those that were taken prisoners underwent a rigid examination before the recorder and others; and by orders sent from the Queen's council, Father Brown and Maxfield were sent to the Clink, and Thomas Worthington junior to the Gatehouse. Father Worthington, having been kept all day disputing with heretics, was sent to the Tower; and being there stripped of what little he had about him, he was thrown into one of the worst dungeons in the prison, and remained there for more than six weeks. At length, on the 21st of January in the ensuing year, without any trial or sentence, he was placed, with twenty others, on a vessel in the Thames, and landed on the coast of France. Before the vessel sailed, they all protested, in the hearing of the crowd on the bank, against the injustice of their being sent into exile without a trial, and taken from their work of preaching the Catholic faith, when they were ready to defend that cause before the courts, and to shed their blood for it if necessary.

The third brother, who had been committed to the charge of the Dutch Calvinist, remained with him some time longer, except that he was given into the custody of a constable for a while on a charge of not making his reverence to the Bishop by uncovering in the street when he passed. This, however, rather gained him favour than otherwise with the Puritan; and since neither severity nor cajolery could make any impression on the boy's constancy—though he was promised that if he would but go to hear one sermon he should have all his father's estate settled upon him—the Dutchman seems to have connived at his escape one day as he was going to school. Richard immediately took his journey to London, where he met his two younger brothers; and after two or three attempts, in which they narrowly escaped being taken, they succeeded in crossing the sea and joining the seminary at Rheims. It is not certain what became of the eldest brother, who had been committed to the Gatehouse, though one author\* speaks as if all four had got safely to Rheims.

Father Worthington became afterwards president of Douay College, and in his old age returned into England, where he died in the year 1626, in the house of Mr. Biddulph, of Biddulph in Staffordshire, having entered the Society of Jesus some months before his death. He was the author of the notes in the Douay version of the Bible. John Worthington, the youngest of the four brothers, was ordained priest at Douay, and afterwards became a Jesuit. While on the mission in Lancashire in the year 1643, he was seized by a party of the Parliament's soldiers, who led him in procession through a town, with a cross carried before him. Gaining his release after a long confinement, he died in the year 1648, aged seventy years. Another of the brothers also became a Jesuit; and being sent on the mission, in the year 1612 was seized and imprisoned for a year, and then banished. After filling several important posts, he died on the continent in the year 1635.

An account of Father Worthington's seizure is found in the Protestant historian Strype, in an official report given by Topcliffe, the priest-catcher, to the Queen's council, as follows:

"There hath assembled in London lately a great number of seminarists and seditious priests, bred at Rome and Rheims, who have their harbour among some gentlemen, and other such, as have been restrained of liberty and be recusants. I learn these things by advertisement of such persons as have been of their society beyond

\* Ribadeneira, *Appendix Schism. Angl.*



seas, who learning their venomous and cankered intents towards her Majesty, bewray the haunts of all such as they have learned to be in England, being about the number of threescore, and their fautors and patrons. Above twenty seminary priests of reputation and learning now in London walk audaciously disguised in the streets. My instruments have learned out sundry places of countenance where sometimes these men meet and confer together in the day-time, and where they lodge a-nights. There is small regard taken in London of these men. About twenty days past one Thomas Worthington, a notorious seminary priest, did resort hither; a stirrer of sedition as ever haunted Lancashire, Cheshire, Shropshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire. One Revel,\* a seminary priest, his companion. One Humphrey Maxfield, a seminary scholar at Rome and Rheims, a great companion, conveyor, and intelligencer to and fro from Worthington. And three boys, to be conveyed beyond seas to be made priests, stolen from their uncle Worthington and from the Bishop of Chester. The three men and one of the boys he ('Topcliff') apprehended at Islington. Worthington was committed to the Tower by the Lord Treasurer's direction, Revel and Maxfield to the Clink, and the boy to the Gatehouse.

Worthington, Revel, and Maxfield were twice examined by Sir Owen Hopton, Lieutenant of the Tower, Dr. Hammond, a civilian, Mr. Rokeby, a justice of peace, and myself ('Topcliffe'). We all agreed that there never did come before us so arrogant, wilful, and obstinate persons, impudently denying any familiarity or acquaintance between them, or that any one of them had seen another before they last met together at Islington before their last apprehension, or that they were in Staffordshire, at Meare, old Maxfield's house, lately before their coming up. Where it shall be proved that T. Worthington was at old Maxfield's house with other like to himself, as Bell, Sherwood, Cotton, &c.; and at Whitsuntide last, and at St. Peter's time, preached there; and at their coming up they were all at Meare, with one Nowel and Sturdevant, Dr. Allen's man. And of their being there, the young boy, confronted with Maxfield, justified in seemly sort the same by good tokens, to Maxfield's disgrace. And yet, like a man given over, he did deny the truth, which by others shall be justified if occasion had, and proof made where they divided themselves, and appointed to meet again."

This report is an instance of a common practice of the persecutors, viz. after questioning and perplexing their prisoners in every possible way, they falsified the confessions extorted in their examinations. Here Topcliffe declares that the three boys were stolen from their uncle Worthington and the Bishop of Chester. But it is certain from the history that both their parents were living, and therefore no Protestant uncle or other relation could make any claim to their guardianship; and, in fact, no claim of the sort had ever been

\* This seems the assumed name of Father Brown.

made. This first calumny renders the rest suspicious. Again, Topcliffe's declaring he could prove that three other priests had met Father Worthington at Mr. Maxfield's, with the younger Maxfield, is a very doubtful statement; for it seems clear from the history that Father Worthington was the only priest in the house at the time of the search, and had only arrived the night before, having been seen on his way by the watch. Nor does it appear that Humphrey Maxfield had been with them on the journey, but rather that he met them on their arrival. This again makes the rest of his charges against them very suspicious, both of their conduct during the examination, and of all that they had said and done before; though as to their defence, of course when the questions were intended to make them criminate themselves, they had a right to the utmost latitude in denying.

Before we take our leave of this narrative, we will say a few words about one of the families that have been mentioned in it, the Maxfields, a very ancient family in Staffordshire. Their house at Meare, here spoken of by Topcliffe, was pulled down not long ago; but they had another at Chesterton near Newcastle, which is still standing. William Maxfield, the head of the family, was at this time in prison for recusancy, and he died there under sentence of death; his wife also had been in prison, and whilst there she gave birth to a son, Thomas, who was martyred at Tyburn for his character of priest in the year 1616. Chesterton Hall continued to be the place where the faithful of the neighbourhood resorted for Mass till the middle of the last century. A tradition is still preserved in the neighbourhood, that when Mass was to be celebrated, notice was sent round the day before, and those who could attend met at the house over night, being admitted by a password. Mass was said at daybreak, and the "old squire," Thomas Macclesfield, always took his station at the window, to watch if there was any danger to be apprehended; if a stranger was seen approaching, the alarm was so great, that the Mass was sometimes broken off. Mr. Macclesfield's only son joined Prince Charles Edward in '45, and having been betrayed by his uncle, was banished, and all his property confiscated and given to this uncle as a reward for his "information." Some part of the estate, however, had been inherited by the young man's sister, who married a Protestant gentleman of Scotland named Crawley; but her husband having tried to force her and her two children to become Protestants, she made her escape from him together with her children and returned to Chesterton. Crawley then attempted to treat the marriage as invalid, because it had been celebrated by

a Catholic priest, and accordingly he paid his addresses to a lady near Reading. Her father, however, having been made acquainted with his previous marriage, refused his consent. Crawley at last gave this lady a powder in a paper, telling her that if she could contrive to give her father that, he would not refuse his consent the next morning. She complied; but the potion proved to be fatal. Crawley made his escape into France, and the lady herself was convicted and suffered for the crime. One of Mrs. Crawley's daughters married another Scotchman, and the property has long ago passed entirely out of Catholic hands.

The chapel at Chesterton Hall was used till the middle of the last century, after which another was fitted up in a farmhouse called the Grange. And in the year 1780 the present chapel was built at Cobridge in the Potteries, about two miles from Chesterton; and we observe that a Miss Macclesfield was a considerable benefactress to it.

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#### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE SARDINIANS.

*Dei Costumi dell' Isola di Sardegna comparati cogli antichissimi Popoli Orientali.* In due volumi. Per Antonio Bresciani, D.C.D.G. Napoli, 1850. (*The Manners and Customs of the Island of Sardinia, compared with those of the most ancient People of the East.* In 2 vols.)

IN these days of perpetual motion and universal printing, it is a real refreshment to come across a book of European travels, or an account of any of the towns and countries of that continent, which shall be at once new and entertaining. Not only have all the great highways of Europe been traversed and retraversed by curious and observant travellers, who have afterwards committed to paper all that they saw and heard, but even most of its principal byways and lanes have been long ago ransacked, and their contents made familiar to the English public. Books of European travels are still written and published—for what will not the *cacoethes scribendi* drive men to?—but how few are there that will repay the perusal! Too many of them consist of thrice-repeated descriptions of the beauties of some natural scenery, or famous churches and palaces, interspersed with a few second-hand tales in illustration of the state of society in the country, resting on the authority of some veracious *valet-de-place*, important details



of the gastronomic experience of the writer, and moral and religious reflections on the debasing effects of Popish superstition. There is but little learning in them, and less charity; so that we confess there are few books which we take up with less hope of deriving either pleasure or profit from their perusal than these ephemeral productions of modern European tourists and journalists. The work, however, whose title we have placed at the head of this article is of a very different kind, and will be found full of novel and interesting information respecting an island which travellers seldom visit, but which seems, according to Father Bresciani's account of it, to offer a most rich and inviting field to the student of antiquity.

If we remember rightly, Father Bresciani was at one time Provincial of the Jesuits in Piedmont, at another Rector of the College of Nobles under the care of those religious at Turin, at another Rector of the Propaganda in Rome, &c. Any how, we know that he is a very learned and distinguished member of the Society of Jesus, now engaged with others in editing the *Civiltà Cattolica* in Rome, and that during the years 1843-46 he spent a considerable portion of his time in the island of Sardinia. It appears that on his very first visit to that island he was much struck by the singularity of some of the manners and customs of the natives, so different from what he was in the habit of seeing on the continent, yet bringing back to his recollection something that he was familiar with in his classical studies. In each succeeding visit he applied himself more and more diligently to an examination of the principal phenomena of the island, and to a search after their original prototype in the records of antiquity; and the result of his inquiries, interrupted unfortunately by the political disturbances of Italy, has now been given to the public in the volumes before us. Much of what they contain is so new, and at the same time so full of interest, that a few extracts cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers.

"Nothing can be more unequal," says Dr. Arnold,\* "than the fate of the three sister islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. Whilst the first of them has rivalled in its fame the most distinguished countries of Europe, the two latter have remained in obscurity from the earliest times down to the present hour. They seemed to repel that kindling spark of Greek civilisation which found so congenial an element in Sicily; and therefore, as they did not receive what was the great principle of life in the ancient world, they were condemned to perpetual inactivity and helplessness." It is precisely this very circumstance which renders Sardinia so special

\* History of Rome, i. 427.

an object of interest to the author of the present work, and to all antiquarians. The learned Cardinal Mezzofanti used to call the island a museum of antiquities; but this expression falls infinitely short of its real merits when considered in this point of view. For in a museum are only collected the inanimate objects belonging to a former age, and the learned and the curious come and handle them, and speculate and conjecture and build theories about them, which a more ingenious interpreter or the discoveries of a later generation prove to be false, and even ridiculous; but in Sardinia may be seen the manners and customs of a living people, retained in many instances with a most wonderful precision through all the changes of even thirty centuries or more, in defiance of that spark of Greek civilisation, or great principle of life, whose absence Dr. Arnold laments. The truth is, that this island seems to have been inhabited from the very earliest times. The names of *Ichneusa* or *Sandalotis*, by which it was known to the Greeks, are supposed to be only an interpretation of an older Semitic word, *Saad* (corrupted by the Phœnicians into *Sard*), having the same signification, namely, the print of a foot, or sole of a shoe, to which the shape of the island might be supposed to bear some kind of resemblance. There are no historical records to tell us of what race the earliest inhabitants really were, though there are plenty of indistinct traditions scattered up and down the pages of Herodotus, Livy, Pliny, Strabo, and other classical authors, sufficient to shew that even from a very remote period the population was mixed. Africa, Greece, Asia Minor, and even Spain, are said to have contributed something to this mixture; and it is certain, both from history and from the monuments still remaining in the island, that during the height of the Etruscan dominion these also brought a new element to the population. By and by, however, the Carthaginians, being attracted by its great fertility, came and took possession of the island; and these remained in the enjoyment of it for more than two centuries. But after the second Punic war, when the power of Carthage was broken, Sardinia became a province of Rome, and so it continued till the dissolution of the Western Empire. Then it became a province of the Greek Empire, and suffered much from the continual piracies of the Saracens. Next it was given by Charlemagne to the Church of Rome; and under the fostering care of the Sovereign Pontiffs it appears to have enjoyed a degree of independence and prosperity to which it had been long a stranger. After this, Pisa, Genoa, and the kings of Arragon and Castile succeeded one another in the sovereignty of this island, until at the beginning of the last cen-



ture it passed into the hands of its present owners, the house of Savoy.

It might seem, at first sight, as though this continual change of sovereignty must needs have effaced all distinctive marks of antiquity in the manners and customs of the islanders; nevertheless it is probably this very circumstance which has contributed more than any thing else to the singular unchangeableness of their habits. It would almost seem as though no dynasty had ever obtained such thorough possession of the country, or had held it for a sufficient length of time, really to form the minds of the people after their own peculiar fashion. It is expressly recorded even of the most ancient African and Roman colonists, that they could not succeed in wholly subjugating the earlier inhabitants: these took refuge in the more mountainous parts of the country, where they could defy the approach of an enemy, and maintained a sturdy independence. We read of the Saracens too, that they could effect no solid and permanent coalition with the natives, but on the contrary, were liable to continual attacks from them, coming down from the hills at some moment when they were least expected, setting fire to the ships and putting all the Saracens to the sword. Even now, the authority of the house of Savoy is little more than nominal in some of the less accessible parts of the island; the natives have their own unauthorised tribunals and forms of judicial procedure, altogether different from those appointed by the king, yet quite as efficacious and as dutifully recognised within the limits to which they belong; they have their immemorial traditions, which override the enactments of all modern legislature; and their mode of life seems in many respects to be scarcely affected by what is called the spread of civilisation. In consequence of this rigid immutability of their habits, they present a most interesting subject of study to all who are deeply read in Oriental antiquity; and even the more ordinary student, who does but know those pictures of ancient and patriarchal simplicity which are preserved to us in the Bible or in Homer, cannot fail to have his attention arrested by the fidelity with which the same features are reproduced in the lives of the Sardinians as described by the graphic pen of Father Bresciani. We are afraid that we cannot give many of these descriptions *in extenso*; for as the learned author has thrown his narrative into the form of conversations supposed to be carried on between himself and other members of his Society, they would occupy too much space. We shall therefore take the liberty of dropping this colloquial form, with all its numerous interruptions, and of slightly condensing in our translation some of



the more prolix portions of the original. Our first picture shall be taken from a very pleasing description of the *hospitality* of the Sardinians.

“On the continent,” says Father Bresciani, “the practical interpretation of the sacred word ‘hospitality’ comes to this,—that after you have taken up your quarters at some public hotel, your friend—that is, somebody to whom you have brought letters of introduction—comes to visit you, offers to lionise you over the town, and invites you to dinner. But in Sardinia it is altogether on a different scale. Here one seems to be transported back to the days of Ulysses and the rest of Homer’s heroes. There are no public places of entertainment where you pay for bed and board; but, as one reads over and over again in the poems of Homer, you get off your horse at the first open door you come to, you knock, some child sees you at the window, and runs in an ecstasy of delight to tell its parents that there is an arrival. Immediately the master of the house comes down to you, bids you welcome, lays hold of your bridle and makes you dismount, if you have not already done so; meanwhile his servants are doing the same kind offices to your companions; then they gather up all the bridles of your steeds and lead them off under the portico, where they are soon tied up, and oats and barley thrown into the troughs before them. You yourself enter the hospitable mansion before you, and having taken a seat in the clean little parlour, find yourself surrounded by a bright family of children, who are scanning you from head to foot; or some more forward than the rest will draw near and take your hand, and smile at your caresses. Others again who are more shy, especially the little girls, may be seen poking their heads out of some peep-hole; but when the mistress of the house comes forward, with a pleasing grace, to bid you welcome, and to thank you for the honour you have done her by this visit, then even these little ones too follow in her train, and steal furtive glances at you from behind their mother’s gown.

“Ladies in the villages of Sardinia, even the wives of *cavalieri* and others of the highest rank, rarely speak any other language than that of the island; so having made a few civil speeches to you in their native tongue, they retire to prepare the apartment you are to occupy and to get ready the supper, and you see no more of them. For whilst there are guests in the house, only the male members of the family entertain you and take their meals with you. If the sons are grown up, they sit with their father; but if they are young, they remain in another room with the women. All the best houses in the villages have three or four beds more than are required for the use of the inmates themselves, and these are intended expressly for the accommodation of travellers; but besides this, it not unfrequently happens that, to do you greater honour, the host insists on giving up his own bed, and goes to sleep with his children. Then if there has been any sporting in the family or in the neighbourhood, it is all for

you; and you are sure to have set before you the hare, the woodcock, or the partridge, or the most delicate parts of the hart or the wild boar. When you get up the next morning, you find the family busy in preparing your breakfast, and in furnishing the wallet for your journey with ham, cheese, excellent white bread, and good old wine. Then the mistress of the house politely takes her leave of you at the head of the staircase; the host accompanies you into the court-yard and holds your stirrup; and whilst you are turning it in your mind how to thank him for his kindness, lo! he too has jumped into his saddle, and sits ready mounted at your side. It is in vain that you remonstrate; he puts spurs to his steed and rides on ahead, protesting that he should not have sufficiently testified his delight at having shewn you hospitality, did he not also accompany you a little on your onward journey."

Our classical readers will have already called to mind the frequent instances of hospitality recorded in the *Odyssey*, and will have marked the close resemblance which they present to this account of the Sardinians, even down to the non-appearance of the lady of the house at her own table, the escorting the traveller some way on his journey, and the very food given to the horses (grain, not hay), and the place and mode of securing them. It was the same also in the hospitality of the patriarchs in the Bible. Sara did not eat with Abraham when he was entertaining the three angels under the tree before the door of his tent; and "when the men rose up from thence, Abraham walked with them, bringing them on the way." When Abner, too, paid a visit to David in Hebron, and David made a feast for him and for his men, we read that by and by, when the feast was over, "David brought Abner on his way, and he went in peace."\*

Another feature in the hospitality of the Sardinians is still more worthy of notice, and this too finds its parallel in the pages of classical antiquity; we allude to its sacred character, whereby the guest, even though he be an unwelcome one, and have been driven by the pursuit of officers of justice to take refuge under the roof of his most deadly enemy, immediately has a claim upon the sympathies of his host, and is under his most jealous and affectionate protection. We need not quote the many sayings of the Homeric heroes which bear upon this point, and which strongly illustrate the sacred character universally attributed to strangers and to suppliants. It is enough to refer to the well-known instance of Themistocles seeking shelter and protection from his enemies at the hearth of one to whom he had been no friend, king Admetus,† and his being instructed in the course which he ought to adopt by the very

\* Gen. xviii.; 2 Kings iii. 21.

† Thucyd. i. 136.

wife of his enemy. Adventures of the same kind are by no means uncommon among the shepherds and other inhabitants of the more inland and mountainous parts of Sardinia. A very remarkable instance is given by F. Bresciani, on the authority of one of the judges of the island, who was cognisant of the facts:

“It happened that there had been a quarrel between two shepherds, in the course of which one was shot by the other. The brother of the murdered man vowed vengeance against the murderer, and lay in ambush for several days with his servants, hoping to catch him. Government also offered a very considerable reward for his apprehension: so he fled to the forests and led the life of an outlaw there. It happened one day that whilst he was out hunting, he was led on in the pursuit of a goat from one point to another, until he found himself in a wood where three policemen chanced to be just then dismounted from their horses and drinking at a fountain. The moment the outlaw saw them, he turned round and fled into the thickest part of the wood; not, however, before the policemen had seen the animal and heard the steps of the fugitive, whereupon, suspecting the true state of the case, they mounted their steeds and galloped after him. They would have overtaken him immediately but for the thick low brushwood which impeded their progress; and as it was, they pressed upon him so hard that he was forced to leap down a precipice, cross a stream, and try to hide himself behind a rock. It was all to no purpose, however; his pursuers spied out his retreat; and he again took to his heels, until at length he stumbled upon a shepherd's home, into which he threw himself as a last resource, and embracing the knees of the owner conjured him to afford him help and protection, since he had touched his threshold. But lo! the person thus addressed proved to be the very brother of the murdered man who had been so long seeking an opportunity for revenge. At first sight of the murderer, the shepherd's blood boiled in his veins, he grew pale, and shook from head to foot; then, having gained the mastery over himself, he held out his hand to him and said, ‘As long as you remain here, no man shall touch you.’ Next, he called all his assistants about him, and they sallied forth well armed to meet the police, bidding them keep their distance and not dare to violate the sacred rights of hospitality. At the sight of all these mountaineers, with loaded fire-arms aimed at their heads, the officers of justice retired to a spot from whence they could command a view of the fold. The shepherds, on their side, stationed an outpost of observation, and then retired to their tents. Now it happened that the shepherd who was thus affording protection to an outlaw had two sons in prison, upon whom judgment had just been passed, and they were sentenced to death. So when the authorities had been duly informed of the state of the case, the President of the Royal Tribunal sent a secret messenger to the host, promising that the lives of his two children should be spared if he would surrender



this outlawed murderer. Indignant at such a proposal, he replied, 'that he was ready to forfeit even his own life rather than break his faith and allow it to be said that Carlo had violated the laws of hospitality;' neither did he communicate to his guest the proposition that had been made. A few days afterwards, the poor man was informed that one of his sons had now been executed, but that the other should yet be spared on the same condition. The noble fellow raised his eyes to Heaven, wiped away the tears that fell on his cheek, and said, 'Go tell the judge that a Sardinian values his troth still more than his children.' Having re-entered his tent, he observed a strict silence as to what had passed; but when the news was brought of the death of his second son, this was more than his strength could bear, and he went out of his mind."

Our readers will appreciate the generous self-sacrifice exhibited in this history still more keenly, when we mention that F. Bresciani specifies as one of the striking features in the Sardinian character, excessive tenderness of affection for their children.

"The Sardinians," he says, "are of a good disposition, discreet, religious, and trustworthy; of quick and lively genius, delicate and refined intelligence, strong mind, and ardent imagination; patient, docile, reverent, and courteous; men of few but ready words, of staid sobriety of manners, and of great frankness and gravity of demeanour. They are naturally sober, honest, liberal, and hospitable; very exact in a dutiful regard towards their seniors, tenderly attached, even to an excess, to their children, and prizing their wives as the very jewels of their houses. They do not, indeed, deal largely in caresses and other delicate attentions towards their wives; they expect them to be very reverent and submissive both in word and deed; but they entertain a very high sense of honour and respect for them in their inmost souls. They love their country beyond measure, and boast and magnify themselves about it exceedingly."

Next after the hospitality of the Sardinians towards strangers, it follows naturally to speak of their kindness to the poor; and here they set an example of simple unaffected generosity, the like of which we fear would scarcely be found amongst many nations who boast of their civilisation, and who would feel themselves privileged to scoff at the rude and (as in some instances they would not hesitate to call them) the pagan ways of these poor islanders. The enormous inequality in the distribution of wealth is one of the greatest social problems of England at this moment, and we shudder to think of the convulsions which it may cost the country to work out its solution. Let us see how the political economists of Sardinia handle the question; for it is one not peculiar to a great commercial country like ours, but inherent in the very essence of a social

community. In England, pauperism is provided for by building union-houses like prisons, by separating husband and wife, &c. &c.: in the pastoral districts of Sardinia they manage these things differently.

“The shepherds of these parts are liable to all sorts of accidents whereby they lose their cows, sheep, or goats; a deep fall of snow on the mountains after spring has begun, excessive heat in the summer burning up the pastures, a pestilence, or a hundred other misfortunes, often cause a shepherd who was once the owner of several head of cattle gradually to lose his herd, and to be reduced to poverty. Under these circumstances, his neighbours meet together to discuss what is to be done; and when they have determined on the course they mean to adopt, they send for the poor fellow, cheer him up with words of hope and consolation, drink to his better health, and then present him each with a young calf out of his own herd: so that he who had come out in the morning a perfect beggar, returns in the evening, if not a rich man, yet at least very comfortably off, with twenty or even thirty head of cattle; nor does this shepherd feel under any other obligation to his benefactors than that of rendering the same assistance under similar circumstances to any of his neighbours who may need it.”

The preliminaries that are necessary before the final settlement of any nuptial contract among these primitive and simple-hearted islanders are in some respects more cumbrous than we should have anticipated; but there is a mixture of poetry and of solid business-like precision about them that is very amusing.

“The young man having fixed in his own mind whom he would desire to be his partner for life, mentions the subject privately to his parents. The father desires to have time for thinking the matter over; by and by he calls all the relatives of his family together, announces to them his son's intention, gives the name of the girl, and all he knows about her family and connexions, her dowry and the gifts she is likely to bring her husband; and if the girl belongs to another village, he goes on to discourse also about the habits, temper, and character of the people of those parts. Hereupon every one speaks his mind; they inquire whether there have been any feuds and quarrels between the families during the last three or four generations; whether there have been any friendly alliances, or, on the contrary, any hostile relations between them. Should they decide that there is no taint in the blood of the young man against the family of his intended spouse, and moreover, that there is a prospect of a reasonable dowry, that the girl herself is comely and well-behaved, active and industrious, that her parents and relations are good honest people and well to do in the world,—then they one and all agree that there is no obstacle to the further prosecution of the match, and that it gives entire satisfaction to the whole family. This

being done, the oldest relative is selected to go and break the matter to the father of the girl, who now in *his* turn goes through precisely the same inquisitorial process with reference to the youth; and should it prove satisfactory, an answer is given to this effect, that the family will feel themselves honoured by forming a relationship with such excellent people, and that, so far from refusing the girl, they beg that they will consider her from this time forth as their own. Next, they make arrangements as to the gifts that are to be exchanged on the occasion, the time, and all other circumstances; and great preparations are made where the parties concerned are of pretty good means, more especially on the side of the lady, who, according to the custom of the island, has to provide all the furniture for the new house.

"All being thus settled, the father of the bridegroom, together with the bridesmen and the whole company of relatives, set out on the appointed day to go and visit the bride, whose relatives are all assembled in holiday attire, and the house highly decorated as for a grand festival. As soon as the father of the bride hears the trampling of the horses' feet, he pretends to go and hide himself, whilst the outrider knocks and knocks again at his door, but all to no purpose. At last the whole company comes up and pretends to be very indignant, and they begin to knock again with greater violence, when presently a voice is heard from within inquiring whether they are friends who are thus unexpectedly arrived, and whether they bring good news. To this they reply, 'We are friends, and we bring honour and goodness.' On hearing this, the head of the house comes out to the door, as though this visit were quite unlooked for and he were very much astonished at it, bids them all welcome, helps them to dismount, ties up their horses, and in the most amiable and affectionate manner leads them into the house. There, after the interchange of a few compliments, the father of the young man steps forward and says with an air of great anxiety, that 'he has lost the dearest and most precious little lamb of all his flock, that he has sought it every where in vain, and that at length he is come here to see if he could by any chance have the good luck to find it; for that he really cannot live without this little lamb, which is the joy and peace and delight of his life, so fair, gentle, and amiable are her ways, and her eyes so bright and loving.' The host professes to be much perplexed; says 'that he has not seen this lost lamb, but that he has a good many in the house, and he is quite welcome to go in and see whether his chances to be among them.' On this invitation, they enter the inner parlour, where they find all the ladies seated close together, looking grave and serious, though at the same time very amiable. Not one of them rises to greet the strangers, or opens her lips. Then the father of the girl begins at one end of the row of ladies, and says, 'Perhaps this is the lamb you have lost?' but the other shakes his head, pronounces an encomium on the lady as wise and fair and amiable, but says she is not the one he is in quest of. Then he points out the second in the row, who is in like manner



complimented and declined ; and so on, one after the other, until he comes to the bride elect, when the father exclaims, ' Yes, yes, this is the one ; don't you see in the goodness that beams from those eyes every presage of future happiness and prosperity for me ? ' The father then makes her stand up and, as though sorely against her will, come forward. The future father-in-law, full of glee, places beautiful earrings in her ears, a ring upon her finger, and a rich necklace on her neck ; and all the other relatives and bridesmen offer their gifts also. Then the bride modestly presents the gifts which are to be carried to her intended, and at the same time makes some trifling present to the bridesmen ; after which she resumes her seat among the ladies, who load her with affectionate caresses. This solemn ceremony being ended, wine and refreshments are introduced, congratulations are interchanged, and by and by the party is broken up.

" This is the national and orthodox mode of betrothal among the villagers of Sardinia ; but there are others quite as binding and far more expeditious. Thus, if in the midst of a dance, a young man present his partner with a rose, a violet, or a tulip, and she accept it thus publicly in the presence of her relatives and neighbours, this constitutes a more binding engagement among the Sardinians than any writing under the hand and seal of a public notary. And in like manner, if in the course of one of their national dances, a young man should lay hold of his partner's hand, not merely by the tips of the fingers, but should take her whole hand, this again is equivalent to making her a proposal of marriage ; and it is a pledge so firm and binding, that should any youth dare to disregard it, he would infallibly be either shot or stabbed by the father or brothers of the girl, or even by the girl herself.

" A few years ago there lived in one of the most populous villages of this island, and perhaps she may be living still, a girl of considerable attractions, whose hand therefore was sought by many in marriage. Amongst the rest was a young *bravo*, who for his many crimes had been outlawed, and was forced therefore to live in retirement among the mountains. One evening he stole into the village and proposed to this girl, who accepted him on condition of his forsaking his evil ways. This he promised ; and having taken Antonica's hand, the engagement was made. However, the young man took no heed to his promise, but grew more and more desperate in his wickedness ; and by and by he fell in love with another girl, and was on the eve of marrying her. This came to Antonica's ears, and she immediately went to the rival who had supplanted her, and said, ' Efisedda, that man promised me first ; beware, then, how you marry him, for I promise you that you shall not enjoy his society for long.' Efisedda communicated this threat to the bandit, who only laughed at it. But late in the evening before the intended marriage, the enraged Antonica threw herself in the way of the outlaw, and asked him what he intended to do. The young man replied with great *sang froid*, ' It is my intention to marry Efisedda

to-morrow.' To which Antonica replied with equal coolness, 'Then my intention is this;' and at the same moment drawing a pistol from beneath her dress, she shot him through the heart, and then quietly returned to her home. The noise of the explosion brought some of the bandit's associates to the spot, and they found him still living. Raising his head he said, 'My friends and relatives, save Antonica. I gave her my promise, and broke it; she has killed me for it, and it is well; save her, then, from the arm of the law. Tell the authorities that in killing me she has done well, for she has protected the inviolability of contracts; besides, she has saved five heads of families whom I had destined for assassination, and should undoubtedly have killed within another month. Moreover, a price was set upon my head, and to this Antonica is entitled;' and so saying, he breathed his last. The magistrates took no notice whatever of Antonica's deed, and I believe she still lives, only in another parish. And this is not the only instance I have heard of, of a similar punishment being inflicted on persons who have proved faithless to engagements of this kind."

Where this summary mode of punishment for a breach of promise of marriage is thus implicitly sanctioned by the tacit consent of the government, it is to be presumed that young gentlemen are more than ordinarily prudent in such matters, and that marriage follows an engagement far more certainly than elsewhere. We are sorry that our space will not allow us to transcribe all the ceremonies of the marriage itself: the long procession of young men and women carrying from the paternal home of the bride all the furniture of the new house; the pictures, and crockery, and looking-glasses, and all other fragile objects being borne on the heads of these numerous assistants, and the beds and the provisions and more solid articles piled in wagons; the principal bridesmaid carrying on her head the beautifully shaped pitcher of copper or earthenware, the emblem of the domestic duties of the bride, and as such set up on high, as the most conspicuous object for the day, in the bridal chamber; the bridegroom himself riding along in his best attire on a horse most magnificently caparisoned for the occasion, and superintending the whole. Arrived at the door of the house, the *sposo* dismounts, takes a mattress on his shoulders, and attempts to enter. To this the bridesmen make a show of resistance, but at length he is allowed to conquer; and as he rushes into his room and deposits the mattress on the bed, all the others follow him and throw their mattresses on the top of him—a singular proceeding, which is supposed to denote the heavy cares and burdens of the matrimonial state now about to be undertaken by him. The furniture of the rest of the house is then arranged in a more orderly fashion, the whole is decorated with flowers and branches of myrtle

and laurel, and now all is ready for the wedding-day. The ceremonies in church are of course the same as in all Catholic countries; and then comes the wedding-breakfast in true English style. At this feast the bride and bridegroom sit for the first time side by side; and not only so, but they have the very curious ceremony of eating out of the same plate and drinking out of the same cup. They have only one spoon or one knife and fork between them, which they use alternately, as though they were no longer two persons, but one only. Lastly, when the feast is over, the whole party forms a long cavalcade, a sort of body-guard of honour, to escort the newly-married couple to their home.

We have already seen in these extracts more than one specimen of that omnipotence of *tradition* among the inhabitants of Sardinia which we pointed out at the beginning. Elsewhere Father Bresciani gives us a picture of the exercise of the very highest judicial functions under no other authority. It appears that there are regularly established courts of justice in the island, in which all civil and criminal causes ought of course to be settled; nevertheless, in the central parts of the island a more simple and primitive mode of administering justice is in almost universal use; and even judges and advocates used to the practice of the legally-established courts, seem themselves to acknowledge that business is transacted and disputes settled in these more irregularly constituted tribunals with a degree of skill and patience and ingenuity by no means prejudicial to the cause of truth and justice. A strict order and method are observed in their proceedings, and practically there is no appeal from their decisions.

“When any of the inhabitants of a village has been murdered, and the perpetrator of the deed is unknown, the members of the family investigate among themselves who it can be and what can have been the motive. Having fixed their suspicions on some one individual, the nearest relatives communicate the circumstance to two of the most respectable neighbours, who are appointed to go and break the matter to the supposed culprit. Then he, in his turn, canvasses the matter with his friends and relatives, and selects two other individuals respected for their judgment and wisdom who are to act as his representatives. These four deputies agree together and make all necessary arrangements for the trial, and summon the parties on the day appointed. The hall of justice is always under the village-oak, the hour day-break, and the judges must not have broken their fast; nothing must pass their lips until the trial is ended and sentence pronounced. The business commences by the two representatives of the injured family turning towards the accused and his relatives, and announcing that he is suspected of having committed such and such a crime. Then the nearest relative of the



deceased stands up, and pointing distinctly at the accused, says, 'It is you who killed him;' whereupon the other rises and says, 'I did not kill him.' The four deputies then motion the plaintiff and defendant to retire; and they withdraw in opposite directions to a considerable distance from the tribunal. Then the relatives of the deceased allege all the circumstances that have led them to think the accused the guilty party; and the relatives of the accused, on the other hand, do their best to rebut these allegations by the most convincing arguments or evidence they can adduce. When both have pleaded their cause as well as they can, these too are motioned to retire, and they go and join their respective relatives. Meanwhile the two friends of the accused proceed to discuss the worth of the accusation; they investigate the past histories of the two families, they prove that neither the father, nor the grandfather, nor the great grandfather of the defendant ever had any cause of quarrel with the family of the deceased; on the contrary, that they were gossips, that they had frequented the same wedding-feasts, had had dealings together in business, *e.g.* in the exchange of animals or the settlement of boundaries; finally, that there had even been inter-marriages between the two families; and that all this is incompatible with the idea of rancour, hatred, and revenge. Then the two advocates of the plaintiff will rake up some story of a fraud practised on one of the relatives in business, some insult offered at the fair, some secret lurking about the house that had been observed by somebody, some evil looks or hard words, or similar indications of ill-will on the part of the accused towards the deceased. At last, when the arguments on both sides are exhausted, they proceed to adjust and balance them one against the other until the four agree to a verdict. A whistle soon brings back the two parties to the judgment-seat. If there is a clear and certain sentence of acquittal, it is announced with great joy, the parties are made to shake hands together, to drink to one another's health, and they go away in peace. If, on the other hand, the accused is found guilty, this is announced to him, and he is allowed the usual period of twenty days, during which he is entitled to all the offices of good neighbourhood in the village, or, as it is technically expressed, to the full liberty of fire and water; but on the expiration of this term he must either take himself off to some other village, or he must stand on his guard and consider that his life is entirely at the mercy of the relatives of the deceased."

This moderation, however, only belongs to those cases where there is real reasonable doubt as to the guilt or innocence of the party concerned, *e.g.* in cases of suspected witchcraft, of murder to which none was witness, and which could not be brought home to the murderer by any decisive circumstantial evidence, and the like. In cases *flagrantis delicti*, it seems to be universally understood that life for life is the divinely appointed penalty, and that the next of kin have a natural and

indefeasible right to be the ministers of this retributive justice without the intervention of any judicial process whatever.

It can be scarcely necessary to observe, that in a state of society such as that of which we have here seen a few hasty sketches, all is not perfect; Sardinia is not a favoured spot where the fabulous golden age of the poets is realised in all its details; it has sores and ills of its own. Of these one of the most serious is the existence of hereditary feuds of a most deadly nature, whose bitterness seems almost to grow in strength, instead of waxing feebler and more feeble, by the lapse of years. Yet even for this evil a remedy is to be found in the means and appliances provided by the Catholic faith; and with an interesting example of this, we must take our leave of a book which is equally valuable to the mere reader for the sake of entertainment, and to the most profound student of classical antiquity.

“Some Jesuits were preaching a retreat in a very populous village of the island in the year 1840, when intimation was given to them that it was impossible there should be any thoroughly satisfactory and lasting fruits from their preaching, unless they could succeed in bringing a powerful squire in the neighbourhood to pardon one against whom he entertained a deadly enmity. This gentleman was an old man, whose only son had been murdered a few years before out of jealousy—a son who was the hope and support of his house and family; and ever since this event the friends and relatives of the two families had been always at strife and enmity. Some peacemakers had more than once attempted to pacify the old man’s wrath, but in vain; his one absorbing thought and consolation was this, that he might live to see the murderer of his son dead before his eyes. The missionaries having heard of this long and deadly hatred went to visit the old man, and found him by his fire-side seated in an arm-chair. He received them most courteously, offered them wine and refreshments, and never ceased to thank them for the pleasure and honour of this unexpected visit. But when the elder of the two priests introduced as gently as he could the subject of Christian forgiveness, the old man’s face grew red as fire, and getting up from his chair and pressing both his hands to his stomach, he exclaimed, ‘Look here, look here; the blood of these bowels has been shed and drunk up by the earth; I see it smoking still, and it calls aloud for vengeance!’ The missionaries soon found that it was hopeless to do more at present than to appease him as well as they could by soft words, and then took their leave, going home to commend this most difficult business to Almighty God. Meanwhile the old man, like all the other inhabitants of the place, was most assiduous in his attendance at all the sermons of the retreat; never a day passed but he was to be seen in his place, well surrounded by his friends and partisans; whilst in another part of the church

was to be seen the opposite faction, the murderer and his companions. The missionaries had come in the course of the instructions to the parable of the prodigal son, and were explaining to them how that in this parable our Lord had vouchsafed to represent to us the infinite loving-kindness and mercy of God towards sinners. Their hearers were melted into tears, and beating their breasts were crying out for mercy and forgiveness from God, with a sure hope of obtaining it. The preacher, marking well the universality of these feelings of compunction, caused a crucifix to be laid on the ground at the foot of the pulpit, and then burst forth with great fervour of eloquence into these words: 'Let him who has pardoned his enemy come forward and kiss the wound in the side of Christ, and let him confidently hope for pardon for all, even his most grievous offences. But let not him who does *not* forgive his enemies presume to draw near to this merciful Saviour who died on the cross for his enemies. That divine blood is the blood of love; but to him who loves not, and who does not pardon, it is the blood of terrible justice.'

"Among a people of lively faith, such as the Sardinians are, these words were like so many sharp spurs, urging them forward to kiss those sacred wounds and to pour forth their whole soul into them. Every body, therefore, who had never entertained hatred against their neighbours, or who now at least had entirely set it aside, crowded round the crucifix, threw themselves at its feet, and loaded it with kisses and with tears. In the midst of this scene, John—for such was the old man's name—felt such a compunction in his heart at the sight of the crucifix, and so longed to throw himself upon the image of his Lord, that he shook like a child, and seemed like one who had lost his senses. Now he would look towards Gavino, him who had slain his son, now towards the cross; he sighed and groaned, and was in an extraordinary state of internal agitation; at last, no longer able to confine within his own breast the good and the bad feelings that were battling within him, he clenched his fists together, and uttering a great cry, called aloud, 'Gavino, come hither!' At this summons the youth was considerably disconcerted, grew pale, and trembled; but as the old man continued to call, he was encouraged by his friends to move forward and go to him. Then the venerable old man spread out his arms, with deep sobs and sighs threw himself on his neck and clasped him to his breast, exclaiming with most deep earnestness, 'Gavino, I forgive you!' The youth was so overcome by these words that he fainted away in his arms, whereupon the people burst forth into a loud crying and groaning, and continually shouted, 'Forgiveness, forgiveness!' the hostile factions ran together with open arms, embraced and kissed one another, and mingling tears with their words cried out, 'Forgive me, forgive me, you whom I have injured; pardon me, my brother; give me your hand, give me the kiss of peace.' The missionary from the pulpit, and the other priest who stood below, equally amazed and delighted at this holy disturbance, did their best by looks and gestures (for it



was impossible to make oneself heard amid the tumult) to moderate the ardour of the people, more especially of the women, who, at the sight of this sudden reconciliation of their husbands, were shedding floods of tears and embracing one another, and making the most vehement protestations of friendship where before there had been nothing but enmity for so many years. When calm had been restored, they were brought up one by one to the crucifix, and having kissed and bathed it with tears, they forswore all feuds, quarrels, and vengeance for the future. The first to take this vow was the old man, John, who holding Gavino by the hand, and turning round to the congregation, called them to witness that he should now take the place of his lost son Antiochus, and should marry his only daughter. Nor were these mere idle words and rash promises; before the missionaries left the village, they had the satisfaction of seeing peace and charity universally restored and firmly established. Incidents of this kind used to be of such frequent occurrence in all the missions that were given throughout the island, that the King Charles Albert has said to me more than once, that he looked upon a dozen missionaries as worth far more in Sardinia than ten regiments of soldiers; and if I were to lay before my readers the history of the missions that have been given in the island during the last twenty years, they would recognise the truth of this saying to an extent that would scarcely seem credible to those who are unacquainted with the firm faith and noble generous nature of the Sardinians."

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### A BLUE-STOCKING IN THE BUSH.

*Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada.* By  
Susanna Moodie. 2 vols. London, Bentley.

THESE volumes are written with the double purpose of giving useful hints to any of the upper classes of society who may be contemplating emigration to Canada, and of providing light and entertaining literature for the general reader; or perhaps we ought rather to say that they may be made to answer this double purpose, the latter being certainly the principal object contemplated by the mind of the writer. The authoress is a sister of Miss Agnes Strickland, the well-known biographer of the Queens of England; but if we may judge from their respective writings, the lots of the two sisters have been cast in very different circumstances. Miss Strickland, living in the midst of civilised society, having access to public and private libraries, gives a really valuable contribution to English literature and history; her sister, "roughing

it in the bush," writes a series of clever lively sketches of what she sees and hears and suffers, and her volumes claim a very respectable place among the more ephemeral productions of the press. She is a sensible and an entertaining writer; and some of the poems which are scattered pretty plentifully up and down her pages have acquired a considerable degree of popularity in Canada, where they were first published.

Mrs. Moodie has very wisely departed from the ordinary rule of journalist-travellers, and instead of setting out with a pathetic farewell to her native shores, and a full and particular account of all the men, women, and children, including the pigs and the poultry, that were stowed away in the same ship with herself at Southampton, Liverpool, or some other English port, introduces us at once to a foreign land, with her ship "casting anchor off Grosse Isle on the 30th of August, 1832;" thence up the noble St. Lawrence to Quebec, and on to Montreal; across the country in a narrow closely-packed vehicle, by courtesy called a coach, to Prescott; and then again on board a steamer up the Ontario to some one of the numerous villages situated on its banks. Here the travellers, Mrs. M. and her husband, fell in with an intimate friend whom they had known "at home" (that is to say, somewhere in England), and who had left that country just two months before themselves. They had heard from his friends that he was already comfortably settled "in the bush," had bought a farm, and meant to commence operations in the autumn. All this was cheering intelligence for the new immigrants, who were following in his wake; but now let us hear him speak for himself. They came across him most unexpectedly in a crowded inn on the banks of the Ontario. Mrs. Moodie had caught his eye glancing upon her from amidst the throng.

"In another second he had pushed his way to my side, whispering in my ear, 'We met, 'twas in a crowd.'"

"Tom Wilson, is that you?"

"Do you doubt it? I flatter myself that there is no likeness of such a handsome fellow to be found in the world. It is I, I swear,—although very little of me is left to swear by. The best part of me I have left to fatten the mosquitoes and black flies in that infernal bush."

"But what are you doing here?"

"Shaking every day with the ague. But I could laugh in spite of my teeth, to hear them make such a confounded rattling; you would think they were all quarrelling which should first get out of my mouth. This shaking mania forms one of the chief attractions of this new country."

"I fear," said I, remarking how thin and pale he had become, "that this climate cannot agree with you."

"Nor I with the climate. Well, we shall soon be quits; for, to let you into a secret, I am now on my way to England. . . . My troubles began at sea. We had a fair voyage, and all that; but, my poor dog, my beautiful Duchess, that Beauty in the Beast, died. I wanted to read the funeral service over her, but the captain interfered, the brute! and threatened to throw me into the sea along with the dead bitch, as the unmannerly ruffian persisted in calling my canine friend. I never spoke to him again during the rest of the voyage. Nothing happened worth relating until I got to this place, where I chanced to meet a friend who knew your brother, and I went up with him to the woods. Most of the wise men of Gotham we met on the road were bound to the woods; so I felt happy that I was, at least, in the fashion. Mr. — was very kind, and spoke in raptures of the woods, which formed the theme of conversation during our journey,—their beauty, their vastness, the comfort and independence enjoyed by those who had settled in them; and he so inspired me with the subject, that I did nothing all day but sing as we rode along,

‘A life in the woods for us;’

until we came to the woods, and then I soon learned to sing that same, as the Irishman says, on the other side of my mouth."

Here succeeded a long pause, during which friend Tom seemed mightily tickled with his reminiscences, for he leaned back in his chair, and from time to time gave way to loud hollow bursts of laughter. "Tom, Tom! are you going mad?" said my husband, shaking him.

"I never was sane that I know of," returned he; "you know that it runs in the family. But do let me have my laugh out. The woods! ha! ha! When I used to be roaming through those woods, shooting—though not a thing could I ever find to shoot, for birds and beasts are not such fools as our English emigrants—and I chanced to think of you coming to spend the rest of your lives in the woods, I used to stop, and hold my sides, and laugh until the woods rang again. It was the only consolation I had."

"Good heavens!" said I, "let us never go the woods."

"You will repent if you do," continued Tom. "But let me proceed on my journey. My bones were well-nigh dislocated before we got to D—. The roads for the last twelve miles were nothing but a succession of mud-holes, covered with the most ingenious invention ever thought of for racking the limbs, called corduroy bridges; not breeches, mind you, for I thought, whilst jolting up and down over them, that I should arrive at my destination minus that indispensable covering. It was night when we got to Mr. —'s place. I was tired and hungry, my face disfigured and blistered by the unremitting attentions of the black flies that rose in swarms from the river. I thought to get a private room to wash and dress in, but there is no such thing as privacy in this country. In the bush,



all things are in common; you cannot even get a bed without having to share it with a companion. A bed on the floor in a public sleeping-room! Think of that; a public sleeping-room! Men, women, and children only divided by a paltry curtain. Oh, ye gods! think of the snoring, squalling, grumbling, puffing; think of the kicking, elbowing, and crowding; the suffocating heat, the mosquitoes, with their infernal buzzing; and you will form some idea of the misery I endured the first night of my arrival in the bush.

"But these are not half the evils with which you have to contend. You are pestered with nocturnal visitants far more disagreeable than even the mosquitoes, and must put up with annoyances more disgusting than the crowded close room. And then, to appease the cravings of hunger, fat pork is served to you three times a day. No wonder that the Jews eschewed the vile animal; they were people of taste. Pork morning, noon, and night, swimming in its own grease! The bishop who complained of partridges every day should have been condemned to three months' feeding upon pork in the bush; and he would have become an anchorite, to escape the horrid sight of swine's flesh for ever spread before him. No wonder I am thin; I have been starved, starved upon pritters and pork, and that disgusting specimen of unleavened bread yeleft 'cakes in the pan.'

"I had such a horror of the pork-diet, that whenever I saw the dinner in progress I fled to the canoe, in the hope of drowning upon the waters all reminiscences of the hateful banquet; but even here the very fowls of the air and the reptiles of the deep lifted up their voices, and shouted, Pork, pork, pork!

"It was impossible to keep any thing to myself. The children pulled my books to pieces to look at the pictures; and an impudent bare-legged Irish servant-girl took my towels to wipe the dishes with, and my clothes-brush to black the shoes,—an operation which she performed with a mixture of soot and grease."

In short, this good gentleman had sold his farm and all "his traps," as he called them, that is, his outfit, for an old song; had purchased a young bear to keep him company on his homeward voyage, and to make peace with his uncle when he should arrive there; and was now only waiting to be rid of the ague before he set off for England again. This was any thing but a warm and encouraging reception for the newly-arrived couple, who looked forward to living in the midst of these charms probably for many years. However, they well knew that Tom was an oddity, and his ludicrously dismal picture did not prevent Mr. Moodie from purchasing a farm and hiring a house, which neither he nor his wife had ever seen until they came to take possession of it. Mrs. M. had been sent on with the baby and a servant-maid in a

covered carriage, and her husband followed with Tom Wilson and the teams that conveyed the luggage. When first Mrs. M. saw her future home, which was of course amidst pouring rain,—people always *do* arrive at disagreeable places under these disagreeable circumstances,—she stared at it with her eyes swimming in tears, and declared that there must be some mistake; “this was not the house, but only a cattle-shed or pig-sty.” There was no door, only one window with but one whole pane of glass, no furniture, but three young steers and two heifers quietly reposing upon the floor; a loft over the single room, but no ladder to reach it; in a word, it was about as untenable a tenement as the most lively imagination could conceive or the most romantic taste desire. The gentlemen, however, soon arrived, the cattle were ejected, a piece of white cloth nailed over the broken window, a ladder extemporised out of some old bits of boards, and by dint of very hard manual labour matters began to assume a little more orderly and cheerful appearance. In the midst of all this bustle, the door (for fortunately this necessary article had been spied lying among some old boards at the back of the building) was suddenly pushed open, and the apparition of a woman squeezed itself into the crowded room.

“Imagine a girl of seventeen or eighteen years of age, with sharp knowing features, a forward impudent carriage, and a pert flippant voice, standing upon one of the trunks, and surveying all our proceedings in the most impertinent manner. The creature was dressed in a ragged, dirty, purple stuff gown, cut very low in the neck, with an old red cotton handkerchief tied over her head, her uncombed tangled locks falling over her thin inquisitive face in a state of perfect nature. Her legs and feet were bare, and in her coarse dirty red hands she flung to and fro an empty decanter. . . . I thought she had come to offer her services; and I told her that I did not want a girl, for I had brought one out with me.

“How!” responded the creature; “I hope you don’t take me for a help. I’d have you to know that I’m as good a lady as yourself. No; I just stepped over to see what was going on. I seed the teams pass our’n about noon, and I says to father, ‘Them strangers are cum; I’ll go and look arter them.’ ‘Yes,’ says he, ‘do,—and take the decanter along. Maybe they’ll want one to put their whisky in.’ ‘I’m goin’ to,’ says I; ‘so I cum across with it, an’ here it is. But mind—don’t break it—’tis the only one we have to hum; and father says ’tis so mean to drink out of green glass.”

My surprise increased every minute. It seemed such an act of disinterested generosity thus to anticipate wants we had never thought of. I was regularly taken in.

“My good girl,” I began, “this is really very kind; but—”

“Now, don’t go to call me ‘gall,’ and pass off your English airs

upon us. We are *genuine* Yankees, and think ourselves as good—yes, a great deal better than you. I am a young lady.”

“Indeed!” said I, striving to repress my astonishment; “I am a stranger in the country, and my acquaintance with Canadian ladies and gentlemen is very small. I did not mean to offend you by using the term ‘girl;’ I was going to assure you that we had no need of the decanter. We have bottles of our own, and we don’t drink whisky.”

“How! not drink whisky? Why, you don’t say! How ignorant you must be! maybe they have no whisky in the old country?”

“Yes, we have; but it is not like the Canadian whisky. But pray take the decanter home again; I am afraid that it will get broken in this confusion.”

“No, no; father told me to leave it, and there it is;” and she planted it resolutely down on the trunk. “You will find a use for it till you have unpacked your own.”

Seeing that she was determined to leave the bottle, I said no more about it; and presently she disappeared as abruptly as she had entered. The next day she presented herself again, and congratulated Mrs. Moodie on the improvement she had effected in their uncouth dwelling.

“Well, I guess you look smart; you old-country folks are so stiff, you must have every thing nice, or you fret. But, then, you can easily do it; you have *stacks* of money, and you can fix every thing right off with money.”

“Pray take a seat,” and I offered her a chair, “and be kind enough to tell me your name. I suppose you must live in this neighbourhood, although I cannot perceive any dwelling near us.”

“My name! so you want to know my name. I arn’t ashamed of my name; ’tis Emily S——. I am eldest daughter to the *gentleman* who owns this house.”

What must the father be, thought I, if he resembles the young lady his daughter!

Imagine a young lady dressed in ragged petticoats, through whose yawning rents peeped forth from time to time her bare red knees, with uncombed elf-locks, and a face and hands that looked as if they had been unwashed for a month, who did not know A from B, and despised those who did. While these reflections, combined with a thousand ludicrous images, were flitting through my mind, my strange visitor suddenly exclaimed,

“Have you done with that ’ere decanter I brought across yesterday?”

“Oh, yes; I have no occasion for it.” I rose, took it from the shelf, and placed it in her hand.

“I guess you won’t return it empty; that would be mean, father says. He wants it filled with whisky.”

The mystery was solved, the riddle made clear. I could contain my gravity no longer, but burst into a hearty fit of laughter, in which I was joined by Hannah. Our young lady was mortally



offended ; she tossed the decanter from hand to hand, and glared at us with her tiger-like eyes.

“ You think yourselves smart ; why do you laugh in that way ? ”

“ Excuse me, but you have such an odd way of borrowing that I cannot help it. This bottle, it seems, was brought over for your own convenience, not for mine. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have no whisky.”

“ I guess spirits will do as well ; I know there is some in that keg, for I smells it.”

“ It contains rum for the workmen.”

“ Better still. I calculate when you’ve been here a few months, you’ll be too knowing to give rum to your helps. But old-country folks are all fools, and that’s the reason they get so easily sucked in, and be so soon wound-up. Cum, fill the bottle, and don’t be stingy ; in this country we all live by borrowing ; if you want any thing, why just send and borrow from us.”

Thinking that this might be the custom of the country, I hastened to fill the decanter, hoping that I might get a little new milk for the poor weaning child in return : but when I asked my liberal visitor if she kept cows, and would lend me a little new milk for the baby, she burst out into high disdain. “ Milk ! lend milk ? I guess milk in the fall is worth a york shilling a quart. I cannot sell you a drop under.”

This was a wicked piece of extortion, as the same article in the towns, where, of course, it was in greater request, only brought three-pence the quart.

“ If you’ll pay me for it, I’ll bring you some to-morrow. But mind, cash down.”

“ And when do you mean to return the rum ? ” I asked, with some asperity.

“ When father goes to the creek.” This was the name given by my neighbours to the village of P——, distant about four miles.

Day after day I was tormented by this importunate creature ; she borrowed of me tea, sugar, candles, starch, blueing, irons, pots, bowls, in short every article in common domestic use, while it was with the utmost difficulty we could get them returned. Articles of food, such as tea and sugar, or of convenience, like candles, starch, and soap, she never dreamed of being required at her hands. This method of living upon their neighbours is a most convenient one to unprincipled people, as it does not involve the penalty of stealing ; and they can keep the goods without the unpleasant necessity of returning them, or feeling the moral obligation of being grateful for their use. Living eight miles from ——, I found these constant encroachments a heavy burden on our poor purse ; and being ignorant of the country, and residing in such a lonely out-of-the-way place, surrounded by these savages, I was really afraid of denying their requests.

I happened to mention the manner in which I was constantly annoyed by these people to a worthy English farmer who resided near us, and he fell a-laughing, and told me I did not know the Canadian

Yankees as well as he did, or I should not be troubled with them long.

"The best way," says he, "to get rid of them, is to ask them sharply what they want, and if they give you no satisfactory answer, order them to leave the house; but I believe I can put you in a better way still. Buy some small article of them, and pay them a trifle over the price, and tell them to bring the change; I will lay my life upon it that it will be long before they trouble you again."

I was impatient to test the efficacy of his scheme. That very afternoon the girl brought me a plate of butter for sale. The price was three and ninepence; twice the sum, by the by, that it was worth.

"I have no change," giving her a dollar; "but you can bring it me to-morrow."

Oh, blessed experiment! for the value of one quarter-dollar I got rid of this dishonest girl for ever; rather than pay me, she never entered the house again."

We have known this plan tried with very great success as a remedy against the importunity of other than Canadian borrowers. So also we have heard of a lady not in Canada, who having a great many books and being pretty constantly applied to by her neighbours for the loan of them, has had a certain text of Scripture printed on a slip of paper, together with her own name and residence, and one of these slips is carefully pasted in a conspicuous place on the inside of every one of her books. The text of Scripture is the same as stood Mrs. Moodie in such good stead against the continual depredations of another of her neighbours, who came one day to borrow some tea and sugar, ten pounds of flour to make some Johnnie cakes, a gown, and a pair of stockings, or in default of these a five-dollar bill. This was too much for Mrs. Moodie's patience, and she read her troublesome guest a very plain-spoken lecture on the subject of honesty. Betty listened very patiently, and then, not in the least abashed, quietly observed,

"You know what the Scripture saith, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Ay, there is an answer to that in the same book, which doubtless you may have heard," said I, disgusted with her hypocrisy; "'The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.'"

Never shall I forget the furious passion into which this too-apt quotation threw my unprincipled applicant. She lifted up her voice and cursed me, using some of the big oaths temporarily discarded for conscience' sake. And so she left me, and I never looked upon her face again."

We have no space to give any further samples of this kind of pseudo-theft, which seems to have been so almost universal

a characteristic of Mrs. Moodie's neighbours, and one of her most constant sources of annoyance. She has recorded several, all very amusing to the reader, and all, no doubt, a very sore grievance to the unfortunate patient.

Another evil incident to "roughing it in the bush" is the want of servants, or still more, perhaps, their incapacity and general untrustworthiness, taken together with the (often *necessary*) dependence of masters and mistresses upon them. As for instance, one day their man James, whose duty it was to look after the horses and cows and a numerous family of pigs, besides having to chop all the fire-wood required for the house, took himself off without asking leave or giving any intimation of his intention. At that season of the year no one else was to be found. Some time afterwards, late in the evening of a bitter freezing day, so late that the family were about to retire to rest, they were interrupted by a sharp blow upon the door. Their Scotch servant-girl, Bell,

"—— rose and opened it, when a strange wild-looking lad, bare-footed, and with no other covering to his head than the thick-matted locks of raven blackness that hung like a cloud over his swarthy sunburnt visage, burst into the room.

"Guidness defend us! Wha ha'e we here?" screamed Bell, retreating into a corner. "The puir callant's no cannie."

My husband turned hastily round to meet the intruder, and I raised the candle from the table the better to distinguish his face, while Bell, from her hiding-place, regarded him with unequivocal glances of fear and mistrust, waving her hands to me, and pointing significantly at the open door, as if silently beseeching me to tell her master to turn him out.

"Shut the door, man," said Moodie, whose long scrutiny of the strange being before us seemed upon the whole satisfactory; "we shall be frozen."

"Thin faith, sir, that's what I am," said the lad, in a rich brogue, which told without asking the country to which he belonged. Then, stretching his bare hands to the fire, he continued, "By Jove, sir, I was never so near gone in my life."

"Where do you come from, and what is your business here? You must be aware that this is a very late hour to take a house by storm in this way."

"Thru for you, sir: but necessity knows no law, and the condition you see me in must plade for me. First, thin, sir, I come from the township of D——, and want a masther; and next to that, bedad! I want something to ate. As I'm alive,—and 'tis a thousand pities that I'm alive at all at all, for shure God Almighty never made sich a misfortunate crather afore nor since,—I have had nothing to put in my head since I ran away from my ould masther, Mr. F——, yesterday at noon. Money I have none, sir, the divil a cent. I



have neither a shoe to my foot nor a hat to my head; and if you refuse to shelter me the night, I must be content to perish in the snow, for I have not a frind in the wide world."

The lad covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud.

"Bell," I whispered, "go to the cupboard and get the poor fellow something to eat; the boy is starving."

"Dinna heed him, mistress; dinna credit his lees. He is ane o' those wicked Papists wha ha' just stepped in to rob and murder us."

"Nonsense! Do as I bid you."

"I winna be fashed about him; an' if he bides here, I'll e'en flit by the first blink of the morn."

Bell was as obstinate as a rock, but I had no idea that she would realise her threat. She was an excellent servant, clean, honest, and industrious, and loved the dear baby.

"You will think better of it in the morning," said I, as I rose and placed before the lad some cold beef and bread and a bowl of milk, to which the runaway did ample justice.

"Why did you quit your master, my lad?" said Moodie.

"Because I could live wid him no longer. You know him, Mr. F——; he brought me out wid him as his apprentice, and during the voyage he trated me well. But the young men, his sons, are tyrants, and full of dirty pride, and I could not agree wid them at all at all. Yesterday I forgot to take the oxen out of the yoke, and Masther William tied me up to a stump and bate me with the raw hide. Shure the marks are on my showlthers yet. I left the oxen and the yoke, and turned my back upon them all, for the hot blood was bilin' widin me; and I felt that if I stayed, it would be him that would get the worst of it. No one had ever cared for me since I was born, so I thought it was high time to take care of myself. I had heard your name, sir, and I thought I would find you out; and if you want a lad, I will work for you for my kape and a few dacent clothes."

A bargain was soon made. Moodie agreed to give Monaghan six dollars a month, which he thankfully accepted; and I told Bell to prepare his bed in a corner of the kitchen. But Mistress Bell thought fit to rebel. Having been guilty of one act of insubordination, she determined to be consistent, and throw off the yoke altogether. She declared that she would do no such thing, that her life and all our lives were in danger, and that she would never stay another night under the same roof with that Papist vagabond.

"Papist!" cried the indignant lad, his dark eyes flashing fire; "I'm no Papist, but a Protestant like yourself, and I hope a deuced dale better Christian. You take me for a thief; yet shure a thief would have waited till you were all in bed and asleep, and not stepped in forenint you all in this fashion."

There was both truth and nature in the lad's argument; but Bell, like an obstinate woman as she was, chose to adhere to her own opinion. Nay, she even carried her absurd prejudices so far that she brought her mattress and laid it down on the floor in my

room, for fear that the Irish vagabond should murder her during the night. By the break of day she was off, leaving me for the rest of the winter without a servant. Monaghan did all in his power to supply her place; he lighted the fires, swept the house, milked the cows, nursed the baby, and often cooked the dinner for me, and endeavoured by a thousand little attentions to shew the gratitude he really felt for our kindness. To little Katie he attached himself in an extraordinary manner. All his spare time he spent in making little sleighs and toys for her, or in dragging her in the said sleighs up and down the steep hills in front of the house, wrapped up in a blanket. Of a night, he cooked her mess of bread and milk as she sat by the fire; and his greatest delight was to feed her himself. After this operation was over, he would carry her round the floor on his back, and sing her songs in native Irish. Katie always greeted his return from the woods with a scream of joy, holding up her fair arms to clasp the neck of her dark favourite.

"Now the Lord love you for a darlint!" he would cry, as he caught her to his heart. "Shure you are the only one of the crathers He ever made who can love poor John Monaghan. Brothers and sisters I have none; I stand alone in the wurld, and your bonny wee face is the sweetest thing it contains for me. Och, jewil! I could lay down my life for you, and be proud to do that same."

Though careless and reckless about every thing that concerned himself, John was honest and true. He loved us for the compassion we had shewn him; and he would have resented any injury offered to our persons with his best blood."

We have extracted this long passage, not because it is the most striking or entertaining in the book—far from it,—but for the sake of calling attention to the fact which has struck us very forcibly in reading these volumes, viz. the extremely amiable and pleasing light in which the Irish shine forth, when taken individually and under ordinary circumstances, *i.e.* where the "dhrop" is not too strong for their philosophy, as compared with any other people whom Mrs. Moody chanced to come across. Mrs. M.'s sympathies are most undisguisedly with her husband's nation, the Scotch; and we were almost tempted to lay her book aside without reading any more of it, when we observed the tone of her remarks in the first chapter. She speaks of "the fresh cargo of lively savages from the emerald isle," "hundreds of Irish emigrants," "vicious and uneducated barbarians," in such close proximity with her mention of her fellow-passengers, "who were chiefly honest Scotch labourers and mechanics, and who while on board ship had conducted themselves with the greatest propriety, and appeared the most quiet, orderly set of people in the world," that it looked as if the reader were invited to make a com-

parison between the two people, to the evident disadvantage of the former. Yet in the story which we have just told, who would not rather claim cousinship with "the strange wild-looking Irish vagabond," than with "the clean, honest, and industrious," but cold-blooded and stony-hearted Scotch girl?

And this is not the only instance recorded in these volumes in which an Irishman might justly feel proud of his countrymen. All other persons, all Europeans at least, with whom our author had to do during her residence "in the bush,"—excepting of course her own relations, and a few others belonging more or less to her own rank of life,—are painted in the most uninviting colours imaginable; selfish, unprincipled, without religion, and in too many instances without even the outward semblance of morality, their characters are positively loathsome. But when an Irishman comes upon the scene, there is always something entertaining at least, even though not always edifying; there is something genuine and hearty, kind and amiable, something to excite an interest, and something to work upon, and to make the foundation of real positive good.

The reader will have observed that in this particular instance John Monaghan declared himself a Protestant, in order to appease the wrath of the infuriated Bell. We have little doubt, however, from the progress of the narrative, that this was not true; evidently he was a genuine son of Erin in faith as well as in heart: for every now and then he lets slip a word, or uses an image, which betrays his real creed; and his new mistress is obliged to check him on these occasions, reminding him that he is not a Catholic, and therefore need not fear purgatory, &c.

We cannot follow Mrs. Moodie through all her interesting narrative of adventures and of sufferings during the seven years of her banishment from civilised society. Many of her adventures were entertaining, some even ludicrous, but her privations and sufferings were both frequent and severe,—so severe indeed, that all educated persons accustomed to the refinements and luxuries of European society, and contemplating emigration to a foreign land, would do well to study this narrative before putting themselves in the way of encountering them. On one occasion she had to struggle through her difficulties in the best way she could, with a sick husband, a sick child, and a new-born babe, and with no assistance but such as the man who looked after the farm was able to afford. On another occasion she had again given birth to a child, and they were reduced to such extremities that they had nothing to eat but bad potatoes and worse bread, and sometimes scarcely



even this ; they were obliged to dismiss their servant because they could no longer pay his wages, and to sell many articles of dress in order to procure the coarse warm flannels that were necessary to protect their children from the cold.

With the following graphic description of one of the accidental perils to which she was exposed, we must conclude our notice of these lively sketches of life as it is in Canada :

“The confusion of an uncleared fallow spread around us on every side. Huge trunks of trees and piles of brush gave a littered and uncomfortable appearance to the locality ; and as the weather had been very dry for some weeks, I heard my husband daily talking with his choppers as to the expediency of firing the fallow. They still urged him to wait a little longer, until he could get a good breeze to carry the fire well through the brush.

Business called him suddenly to Toronto ; but he left a strict charge with old Thomas and his sons, who were engaged in the job, by no means to attempt to burn it off until he returned, as he wished to be upon the premises himself, in case of any danger. He had previously burnt all the heaps immediately about the doors.

While he was absent, old Thomas and his second son fell sick with the ague, and went home to their own township, leaving John, a surly, obstinate young man, in charge of the shanty where they slept and kept their tools and provisions. Monaghan I had sent to fetch up my three cows, as the children were languishing for milk ; and Mary and I remained alone in the house with the little ones.

The day was sultry, and towards noon a strong wind sprang up, that roared in the pine-tops like the dashing of distant billows, but without in the least degree abating the heat. The children were lying listlessly upon the floor for coolness, and the girl and I were finishing sun-bonnets, when Mary suddenly exclaimed, “Bless us, mistress, what a smoke !” I ran immediately to the door, but was not able to distinguish ten yards before me. The swamp immediately below us was on fire, and the heavy wind was driving a dense black cloud of smoke directly towards us.

“What can this mean ?” I cried ; “who can have set fire to the fallow ?”

As I ceased speaking, John Thomas stood pale and trembling before me. “John, what is the meaning of this fire ?”

“Oh, ma’am, I hope you will forgive me ; it was I set fire to it ; and I would give all I have in the world if I had not done it.”

“What is the danger ?”

“Oh, I’m terribly afraid that we shall all be burnt up,” said the fellow, beginning to simper.

“Why did you run such a risk, and your master from home, and no one on the place to render the least assistance ?”

“I did it for the best,” blubbered the lad. “What shall we do ?”

“Why we must get out of it as fast as we can, and leave the house to its fate.”

"We can't get out," said the man, in a low, hollow tone, which seemed the concentration of fear; "I would have got out if I could; but just step to the back door, ma'am, and see."

I had not felt the least alarm up to this minute; I had never seen a fallow burnt, but I had heard of it as a thing of such common occurrence, that I had never connected with it any idea of danger. Judge, then, my surprise, my horror, when, on going to the back door, I saw that the fellow, to make sure of his work, had fired the field in fifty different places. Behind, before, on every side, we were surrounded by a wall of fire, burning furiously within a hundred yards of us, and cutting off all possibility of retreat; for could we have found an opening through the burning heaps, we could not have seen our way through the dense canopy of smoke; and buried as we were in the heart of the forest, no one could discover our situation till we were beyond the reach of help.

I closed the door, and went back to the parlour. Fear was knocking loudly at my heart, for our utter helplessness annihilated all hope of being able to effect our escape—I felt stupefied. The girl sat upon the floor by the children, who, unconscious of the peril that hung over them, had both fallen asleep. She was silently weeping, while the fool who had caused the mischief was crying aloud.

A strange calm succeeded my first alarm; tears and lamentations were useless; a horrible death was impending over us, and yet I could not believe that we were to die. I sat down upon the step of the door, and watched the awful scene in silence. The fire was raging in the cedar-swamp, immediately below the ridge on which the house stood, and it presented a spectacle truly appalling. From out the dense folds of a canopy of black smoke, the blackest I ever saw, leaped up continually red forks of lurid flame as high as the tree-tops, igniting the branches of a group of tall pines that had been left standing for sun-logs.

A deep gloom blotted out the heavens from our sight. The air was filled with fiery particles which floated even to the door-step, while the crackling and roaring of the flames might have been heard at a great distance. Could we have reached the lake-shore, where several canoes were moored at the landing, by launching out into the water we should have been in perfect safety; but to attain this object it was necessary to pass through this mimic hell, and not a bird could have flown over it with unscorched wings. There was no hope in that quarter; for could we have escaped the flames, we should have been blinded and choked by the thick, black, resinous smoke.

The fierce wind drove the flames at the sides and back of the house up the clearing; and our passage to the road, or to the forest on the right and left, was entirely obstructed by a sea of flame. Our only ark of safety was the house, so long as it remained untouched by the consuming element.

The heat soon became suffocating. We were parched with thirst,

and there was not a drop of water in the house, and none to be procured nearer than the lake. I turned once more to the door, hoping that a passage might have been burnt through to the water. I saw nothing but a dense cloud of fire and smoke—could hear nothing but the crackling and roaring of the flames, which were gaining so fast upon us that I felt their scorching breath upon my face.

“Ah,” thought I—and it was a most bitter thought—“what will my beloved husband say when he returns home and finds that his poor Susy and his dear girls have perished in this miserable manner? But God can save us yet.”

The thought had scarcely found a voice in my heart before the wind rose to a hurricane, scattering the flames on all sides into a tempest of burning billows. I buried my head in my apron, for I thought that our time was come and that all was lost, when a most terrific crash of thunder burst over our heads, and, like the breaking of a water-spout, down came the rushing torrent of rain which had been pent up for so many weeks.

In a few minutes the chip-yard was all afloat, and the fire effectually checked. The storm which, unnoticed by us, had been gathering all day, and which was the only one of any note we had that summer, continued to rage all night, and before morning had quite subdued the cruel enemy whose approach we had viewed with such dread.”

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#### SHORT NOTICES.

It is an ungracious task to point out defects in a work that has done, and is doing, so much good in the Church as the Oratorian Lives of the Saints. We avail ourselves, however, of the opportunity afforded by the preface to the last volume (*Lives of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, St. Rose of Viterbo, and Blessed Mary of Oignies*, London, Richardson) of making one or two observations upon them, which we have lately heard expressed in various quarters, and with which we heartily coincide. We are quite alive to the importance of the plea which is put forward by the editors in the present preface as an apology for any disappointment that subscribers may feel as to the way in which their task is performed, viz. the great extent of the undertaking. At the same time, we cannot but wish that in so large and noble a work nothing should be left undone that could render it as perfect as it is capable of being. We greatly desiderate, therefore, in some volumes more efficient translators, or a more careful revision of the translation: to those who have read the life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal it is not necessary that we should specify other examples. We wish also that care could be taken so to arrange the smaller lives that they should not form unnatural appendixes to other lives with which they have no connection either spiritual or historical, being, in fact, used as mere make-weights to



complete the necessary number of pages; witness the present volume. And, once more, we wish the editors would occasionally supply us with a few notes, or a little introductory matter, where the imperfection or obscurity of the original narrative absolutely requires it; *e.g.* we believe the life of Blessed Mary of Oignies in this volume, pleasing and edifying as it is, leaves us altogether in the dark as to her place in history, or rather in chronology. Doubtless these are but small defects, and they concern the series only in its *literary* aspect, which is not its highest, nor one which the editors have much at heart perhaps. Whatever is worth doing at all, however, is generally worth doing well. One thing we observe with great satisfaction, viz. that the editors have exercised a certain discretion in one of the lives contained in this latest volume (the life of St. Rose of Viterbo), by omitting a long "catalogue of the miracles, and a history of the cultus of the saint," which was to be found in the original. We shall be glad to see this symptom of direct interference and management on the part of the editors continued and increased.

To those who are unacquainted with the extraordinary delusions of Irvingitism, the *History of the Christian Church*, by H. W. Thiersch, translated from the German by Thomas Carlyle, Esq., of the Scottish Bar (London, T. Bosworth), will appear an inexplicable riddle; they will be lost in amazement at the crude and misty theories which are here so confidently substituted for the traditions and dogmas of the Church, and which seem to sway to and fro between Catholicism and Infidelity without any settled direction whatever. It is a part of the Irvingite creed, that since the death of St. John the apostolic office has been "not extinct, but dormant," and that it has been revived in these latter days in the persons of such men as Irvine, Drummond, and others. It is truly marvellous that there should be found any sane man to give credence to so monstrous an absurdity; and it is scarcely less surprising that any man who believes it should think it worth while to write a history of the Church. For what can such a one have to say about all the centuries that have intervened between the first and these later *apostles*? The present volume being confined to "the Church of the Apostolic age" throws little light upon this question. We observe, however, that it is stated, in page 337, that "the whole intermediate history of Christendom teems with the efforts of the spirit of Christ to preserve or restore all those divine institutions which alone can perfect the Church;" and it is easy to foresee that an ecclesiastical history written on such principles as these cannot fail to be characterised by a wild recklessness of assertion and an ingenious distortion of facts such as have never been surpassed in the lucubrations of the most eccentric of Protestant theologians.

*Extracts from the Reports of H. M. Inspectors of Schools* (London, Longmans) contains many hints that may profitably be studied by the teachers and managers of our schools; more particularly the former, if they have not the opportunity of seeing the reports in full.

*The Love of Jesus our Law*, a Sermon by Mr. Manning (Burns and Lambert), preached in behalf of the Greenwich Catholic poor-schools, is marked in an eminent degree by the usual characteristics of the author's style, great strength and impressiveness.

*A concise History of the Cistercian Order*, by a Cistercian Monk (London, Richardson), is not very artistically put together, and has assumed a somewhat too ambitious title ; nevertheless it is a useful and interesting volume, which cannot fail to be acceptable to a numerous body of Catholic readers. The history of St. Susan's, Lulworth, and the biographical sketches of two or three members of that most excellent family to whom Lulworth belongs, is particularly pleasing.

Mr. Formby has brought out a third contribution to the good cause of school and fireside music, in his *Collection of Amusing Rounds and Catches* (Longmans). Many of them are by the great masters of English harmony, Purcell, Aldrich, Byrd, Lawes, &c., whose rounds and catches are as amusing as their more serious works are learned. The selection is executed with much taste and skill, and will be as deservedly popular as its two predecessors.

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## Correspondence.

### PRIZE MUSIC—MUSICAL ACCENTUATION OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—In your notice of the Fourth Part of the *Choir*, in the August Number of the *Rambler*, p. 155, you observe that the “only defect in the part is the selection of the words adapted to a short piece (of music) by Carissimi, which are utterly unsuited to the rhythm of the music.” I was glad to meet with the remark, but regretted that your time and space had not allowed you to enter more fully into the subject suggested by the remark, viz. the musical accentuation of Latin as exhibited in the masses and motetts in ordinary use amongst us. It would be useful for many reasons that the attention of our composers should be called to this subject, and more especially at the present time, when doubtlessly many of them are engaged in the composition of masses and motetts for the proposed prizes ; and if not actually forming part of the conditions, something on the prevalent faulty accentuation of the Latin words might be offered as cautions and instructions to the various competitors.

I need not say that much good is expected to result from the proposal for prize-music ; it would seem to be the prevailing opinion that it will be the means of bringing forth not only two good and serviceable masses, but many. It would be a pity, therefore, and much to be regretted, if, from want of timely attention being drawn to the subject, the forthcoming music should bear upon it the blemishes and defects

that run through almost all, indeed I may say *all* the masses in common use amongst us, even those lately published. The blemishes and defects I refer to are the false accents that are so often given to the words by the accent of the music. It is the words that generally suffer; for musicians take care enough that their music is not mangled by false accentuation, however much it may at times lose by neglect of sufficient accent. It is the words that must put up with the mangling and distortion; and so in a thousand cases we hear them sung in a manner, to say the least of it, that no Latin scholar would ever dare to read them in. Hence we have 'corpôris,' 'gloriâm,' 'Domînus,' to say nothing of such readings as 'magnâm gloriâm tuâm,' and many other unaccented syllables set to notes bearing secondary and sometimes even primary accents.

I suppose it will not be denied that words have a certain defined and fixed accent, and that modern music has also certain defined rules and laws regulating accent; and that when the two, words and music, are combined, the accents of each should fall together, should not clash. It will be admitted by all, that in good and correct vocal music the verbal expression and accent must be strongest in the exact place where the musical expression and accent is most marked and emphatic; and, on the other hand, that the musical accent must be most marked and emphatic where the verbal accent is strongest; that the expression and accent of the words must be as it were the counterpart of that of the music, and the expression and accent of the music the counterpart of that of the words; that they must fit each other like the two parts of a tally.

If this be true, what could be more outrageous than the first four bars of the piece "Serve bone" (the *Choir*, part iv. p. 104)? The music is written in triple time; and to say nothing of secondary accents, there can be no doubt but that the first note of each bar bears and must bear a primary or greater accent. The words adapted (?) to the music are ordinarily read and accented in the following manner:\* 'Sêrvê bônê êt fidêlis;'" that is, there are only three syllables, *ser*, *bo*, and *de*, that can be legitimately placed under notes bearing a primary accent. In the adaptation in question, however, we find that the syllables *ve*, *et*, and *lis* are placed under accented notes; and hence, if we follow the rules for musical accent, the words read thus: 'Sêrvê bônê êt fidêlis.' Other instances of false accent, though perhaps not quite so outrageous as the above, may be found in the piece in question. Is it correct, for example, to give an accented note to the preposition 'in'? Is it not incorrect to give accented notes to the last syllables of the words 'gaudium' and 'tui'?

It is true that in the piece in question the words have only been adapted (?) to the music; the music was not composed for the words: but the same or similar faults may, with very little trouble, be found in almost any page of music professedly composed to given words. They may be found in such abundance as almost to force us to believe that musicians are habitually indifferent to every thing but their music; and

\* The signs here used to point out accented and unaccented syllables must not be confounded with signs used to express *prosodaical* length or shortness. It may be well also to observe here, that care should be taken not to confound the *accent* of syllables with their *length in prosody*; for although it may be true that a syllable prosodaically short is never to be accented, yet it is by no means true that all syllables prosodaically long are to be accented. For instance, the last syllable of the word *gaudium* is undoubtedly long in prosody, but it is nevertheless an unaccented syllable; and as it would be wrong to give it an accent in reading, so it cannot be lawful to set it to an accented note in music.